COHASSET, MASS.

Centennial Anniversary of the
Town of Cohasset, May 7, 1870.

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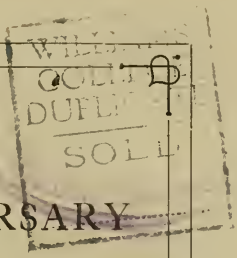

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

TOWN OF COHASSET,

MAY 7, 1870.

ORATION BY HON. THOMAS RUSSELL.

SPEECHES BY GOV. CLAFLIN, HIRAM REVELS,
LORING LOTHROP, SOLOMON LINCOLN,
GEORGE B. LORING, AND OTHERS.

Boston:
WRIGHT & POTTER, PRINTERS, 79 MILK STREET.
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COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

J. Q. A. LOTHROP.
MARTIN LINCOLN.
LOUIS N. LINCOLN.
A. H. TOWER, JR.
ADNA BATES.
LORING BATES.
LEVI N. BATES.
SOLOMON J. BEAL.
ZENAS D. LINCOLN.
AARON PRATT.
ZACCHEUS RICH.
EDWARD E. TOWER.
THOMAS M. SMITH.
J. P. T. PERCIVAL.

CHARLES A. COUSENS.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

The One Hundredth Anniversary of the Organization of the Town of COHASSET took place, in accordance with previous announcement, on SATURDAY, May 7. The weather was not what we call pleasant, although no rain fell until after four o'clock, P. M.

The dwellings generally were liberally and tastefully decorated. The occasion was one of more than ordinary interest to Cohasset people. The residents of the neighboring towns also participated in this enthusiasm to some extent,—as did many others who dwell in more remote localities.

The programme of the day commenced with the ringing of bells, and the firing of cannon at sunrise; and this was continued at noon and sunset.

At seven o'clock a concert was given on the Common by the Atlantic Musical Association.

The Governor and other State officials and distinguished guests arrived in an extra train at ten o'clock. A procession was then formed, as follows:—

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Aid,	*Chief Marshal,*	*Aid,*
L. P. Cushing.	William B. Johnson.	J. M. Pieper.

Atlantic Musical Association.

Military escort, consisting of a company of returned veterans in uniform, under the command of Capt. John W. Tower.

President of the Day, Governor and Staff, Orator, and other invited guests in carriages.

Carriage, with the following ladies: Lydia Bates, aged 90 years; Hannah Stoddard, aged 89 years; Lucy Nichols, aged 85 years; Lydia Pratt, aged 84 years.

Selectmen of Hingham, Scituate, and Cohasset, in carriage.

Committee of Arrangements in carriage.

Citizens and others on foot.

Children of the Public Schools, consisting of about two hundred and fifty in number, with small flags and bouquets.

Private carriages.

The two field-pieces which were used in firing the salutes upon the Common, and the gunners, joined in the line. One of the three large carriages was also filled with young Misses, each bearing a small flag, representing the States of the Union.

On each side of the barouche containing Governors CLAFLIN, of Massachusetts, and STEARNS, of New Hampshire, Judge RUSSELL, the Orator of the day, and J. Q. A. LOTHROP, Esq., the President of the day, were the following Assistant-Marshals:—

On the left,	*On the right,*
A. H. Tower, Jr.,	Col. Hawkes Fearing,
Frederick Nickerson,	Capt. John Stephenson,
M. B. Stetson,	Henry Stephenson,
N. H. Warren,	George Lincoln,
Of Cohasset.	Of Hingham.

Assistant-Marshal J. L. Battles was detailed for services at the church.

Among the novelties in the procession was a boat on wheels, manned by sailor-dressed boys, called the "Relief," and a wagon containing representative women of the past, wearing immense bonnets and calashes. A spinning-wheel was kept in motion in this wagon, which reminded us of the days when our grandmothers spun and wove their own cloth. A piano and a sewing machine were also exercised to represent the pursuits of the present day.

A lady and gentleman riding together upon the back of one horse—representing the ancient mode of riding on a pillion—was another noticeable feature in the column.

The procession moved through South Main street to the bridge. It then countermarched, passing through Summer and Elm streets to North Main street, Main street, and through Winter and Green streets, to the old meeting-house.

Exercises at the Church.

The procession reached the church shortly after twelve o'clock, and the edifice was soon filled to overflowing, the galleries being occupied almost exclusively by ladies. The church was tastefully decorated for the occasion with flags and other memorials and devices. Over the clock, in the front gallery, were the original and present names, "Conohassett" and "Cohasset." On each side of the pulpit were floral displays. Flags were very prettily arranged in the centre of the platform in front of the pulpit, and also around the galleries. On this platform were seated William B. Johnson, Esq., Chief Marshal, J. Q. A. Lothrop, Esq., Rev.

Messrs. Osgood, Fitts and Smith, and Hon. Thomas Russell, orator of the day.

The exercises opened with a voluntary on the organ, which was followed by an anthem.

The Chief Marshal then said:—

Strangers and Fellow-Citizens,—Permit me to introdnce to you our President of the Day, Mr. J. Q. A. Lothrop.

ADDRESS OF MR. LOTHROP.

Mr. Marshal,—I will not say that this is an unexpected honor, for such is not the fact; but I thank you, and through you the Committee of Arrangements, for the honor conferred upon me in appointing me to preside over the deliberations of the day. I will endeavor faithfully to perform the duties. One hundred years ago to-day, (Mr. Lothrop continued, turning toward the audience,) our ancestors assembled in this church, under an act of incorporation, to elect the first officers, pass the first votes, appropriate money to pay the necessary expenses, and to put in working order all matters pertaining to the then new town of Cohasset, and what is considered as a singular coincidence, and may not be improper for me to mention, is that two out of the three selectmen then elected were named Lincoln, and that two of the present selectmen bear the same name, descendants and good representatives of the former. The first were noble men and patriots, good specimens of the citizens of their time; the present ones we believe are able men, and capable of following in their footsteps—one of them, the elder, having held all the offices in the gift of the town, and now serving for the twentieth time as one of the selectmen. As the time approached when the one hundred years of our existence as a town would expire, it seemed fitting to the citizens that some appropriate notice should be taken of the same, and accordingly a town meeting was called last December, a Committee of Arrangements, consisting of fourteen, chosen to take the whole matter in charge, and to prepare for such a celebration as they might deem necessary. That committee met, chose

its officers, appointed sub-committees, and, having held numerous meetings, engaged an orator, appointed a chief marshal, and made all the preparations in order to fitly celebrate this day. And they believe the arrangements have been so far perfected that there can be no serious obstacle to a good and social gathering. And I, for and in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, and of the citizens of the town, extend to your Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts, to your Excellency the Governor of New Hampshire, to the orator, to all Government and State officials, strangers, former citizens, and descendants of citizens and all others who have honored us with their presence, a most cordial and hearty welcome. It gives us pleasure to welcome you among us. We are happy to entertain you. We feel that you may have made some sacrifices to come here, but the joy your presence gives us we hope will in part repay you for your trouble. We feel honored by your coming, and we hope you may derive some benefit from your visit. This is an event in the history of the town which will not be forgotten by any one of its present inhabitants, and I have no doubt it will be published and handed down and mentioned at the two hundredth anniversary of its incorporation. When you depart from us at the close of this celebration, we hope you will leave with the impression that we are an industrious, happy, law-abiding and order-loving people, fit to take high rank with the towns of the good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts. (Applause.)

READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Rev. CALVIN R. FITTS, of Cohasset, read selections from the Scriptures, as follows:—

[Joshua, iv: 1-9; 19-24.]

And it came to pass, when all the people were clean passed over Jordan, that the Lord spake unto Joshua, saying,

Take you twelve men out of the people, out of every tribe a man.

And command ye them, saying, Take you hence out of the midst of Jordan, out of the place where the priests' feet stood

firm, twelve stones, and ye shall carry them over with you, and leave them in the lodging place, where ye shall lodge this night.

Then Joshua called the twelve men, whom he had prepared of the children of Israel, out of every tribe a man :

And Joshua said unto them, Pass over before the ark of the Lord your God into the midst of Jordan, and take you up every man of you a stone upon his shoulder, according unto the number of the tribes of the children of Israel :

That this may be a sign among you, that when your children ask their fathers in time to come, saying, What mean ye by these stones ?

Then ye shall answer them, That the waters of Jordan were cut off before the ark of the covenant of the Lord ; when it passed over Jordan, the waters of Jordan were cut off : and these stones shall be for a memorial unto the children of Israel forever.

And the children of Israel did so as Joshua commanded, and took up twelve stones out of the midst of Jordan, as the Lord spake unto Joshua, according to the number of the tribes of the children of Israel, and carried them over with them unto the place where they lodged, and laid them down there.

And Joshua set up twelve stones in the midst of Jordan, in the place where the feet of the priests which bare the ark of the covenant stood : and they are there unto this day.

And the people came up out of Jordan on the tenth day of the first month, and encamped in Gilgal, in the east border of Jericho.

And those twelve stones, which they took out of Jordan, did Joshua pitch in Gilgal.

And he spake unto the children of Israel, saying, When your children shall ask their fathers in time to come, saying, What mean these stones ?

Then ye shall let your children know, saying, Israel came over this Jordan on dry land.

For the Lord your God dried up the waters of Jordan from before you, until ye were passed over, as the Lord your God did to the Red Sea, which he dried up from before us, until we were gone over :

That all the people of the earth might know the hand of the Lord, that it is mighty: that ye might fear the Lord your God forever.

[105th Ps.: 1, 15.]

Oh give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name: make known his deeds among the people.

Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him: talk ye of all his wondrous works.

Glory ye in his holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.

Seek the Lord, and his strength: seek his face evermore.

Remember his marvellous works that he hath done; his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth;

O ye seed of Abraham his servant, ye children of Jacob his chosen.

He is the Lord our God: his judgments are in all the earth.

He hath remembered his covenant forever, the word which he commanded to a thousand generations.

Which covenant he made with Abraham, and his oath unto Isaac;

And confirmed the same unto Jacob for a law, and to Israel for an everlasting covenant;

Saying, Unto thee will I give the land of Canaan, the lot of your inheritance:

When they were but a few men in number; yea, very few, and strangers in it.

When they went from one nation to another, from one kingdom to another people;

He suffered no man to do them wrong: yea, he reproved kings for their sakes;

Saying, Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.

[135th Ps.: 1-5; 19-21.]

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the name of the Lord; praise him, O ye servants of the Lord.

Ye that stand in the house of the Lord, in the courts of the house of our God,

Praise the Lord; for the Lord is good sing praises unto his name; for it is pleasant.

For the Lord hath chosen Jacob unto himself, and Israel for his peculiar treasure.

For I know that the Lord is great, and that our Lord is above all gods.

Bless the Lord, O house of Israel: bless the Lord, O house of Aaron:

Bless the Lord, O house of Levi: ye that fear the Lord, bless the Lord.

Blessed be the Lord out of Zion, which dwelleth at Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

PRAYER BY REV. JOSEPH OSGOOD.

Oh, thou infinite and eternal God, our fathers' God and our God, we would ask thy blessing upon us now. We have assembled to commemorate the inauguration of the civil organization of our town, and we would ask thy blessing on these rejoicings; we would ask thy blessing on these solemnities; we would ask thy blessing on all the hallowed memories that rise in our hearts; and we would ask thy blessing on all those who would seek to give expression to our thought, our feeling, our gratitude, this day.

We thank thee, heavenly Father, for the organization of this town, one hundred years ago, and for all the precious privileges that have been secured by that organization, and for the civil order and harmony that have resulted. We thank Thee for the support of our institutions of religion, by which the Christian faith and hope and love of the people have been cherished, and in which they have found expression. We thank Thee for our institutions of learning, in which the young have been educated in heart and in intellect, and have been fitted to become useful citizens and members of the community. We thank Thee for all the noble sons and daughters who have been born in this town, who have lived and labored within its borders, or who have gone forth to discharge the various offices for which they were fitted in other towns and other lands. We thank Thee for those who have gone forth to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, thy Son. We thank Thee for those who have gone forth as beloved physicians, to work in another field of the Master's service. We thank Thee for those who have gone forth as leaders in commerce, who

have done business on the great waters, and have helped to carry the blessings of commercial intercourse and modern civilization round the world. We thank Thee for all who have labored with their hands or with their hearts, for all who have shown their faithfulness to Thee and to duty, in whatever position thou hast placed them, whether engaged in cultivating the soil, in ploughing the deep, in mechanical occupations, or in trade and commerce. And we would thank thee, heavenly Father, for the order and harmony that have characterized the proceedings of this town. We thank Thee for the warm hearts of the inhabitants, who have been ready to rescue and to receive to their homes the shipwrecked mariners who have been cast on our shores. We thank Thee for those who went forth in the early wars to defend the rights of their country and to redeem the land from oppression; and we thank Thee for those who, in the later struggles of our common country, have shown their patriotism, their self-sacrifice, their willingness to do service, and to shed their blood in defence of their common country. And especially at this time would we remember those who have borne arms in the late war, and who are here with us. We would remember those who are absent from us, and especially him who was a noble leader of our forces in our great struggle, and who received a severe wound in our cause. And we would remember those brave young men whose forms repose in distant parts of our country, or which were brought to their home for burial, who have died so nobly in defence of all that was most precious to us.

And while we thank Thee for all these blessings, while we thank thee for our sons and our daughters, while we thank Thee for all the prosperity with which thou hast favored us, we would supplicate a continuance of thy favors, and pray Thee to enable us, in the future, to be more true, more devoted, more faithful, more loyal, more patriotic, than in the past. And while we supplicate thy blessing upon us as a town, we would remember the mother town, our ancient neighbor, to whom we bear the relation of daughter, thanking Thee for the pleasant relations that have subsisted between the daughter and the mother, and praying Thee to bless that ancient mother more and more. And we would remember the other contiguous towns, which have shared

in all our interests, in our prosperity and in our adversity, praying Thee to shower down thy rich blessings upon them.

We would, Almighty God, remember our ancient Commonwealth, of which this town has always been a loyal member, beseeching Thee to bless her; give to her increased prosperity, and grant that all the institutions that ennoble and bless our State may flourish more and more from year to year.

We would commend to Thee the chief magistrate of our Commonwealth, the lieutenant-governor, the members of the council, and all who are associated with them in civil authority, praying Thee to send down thy blessings upon them. May they feel the greatness of the trust committed to them; may they feel that "righteousness alone exalteth a nation," and that as they promote the righteousness, honor and dignity of the State, they make this ancient Commonwealth more and more glorious.

Almighty God, we commend to Thee our common country. We thank Thee that thou hast delivered our country from all its perils; that thou hast subdued its enemies; that thou hast overthrown those evil institutions that were a curse to it, and that, while we commenced our life as a town subject to a foreign nation, we are now permitted to rejoice in belonging to a country where freedom universally prevails, and all distinctions of class and of color have ceased.

We thank Thee that we have been enabled to welcome to our shores strangers from over the deep, and those who have come to us from the islands of the sea;—to welcome them to our civil privileges, to welcome them to our schools, to welcome them to all the rights and opportunities which we ourselves enjoy.

And now, heavenly Father, again we supplicate thy blessing upon us, praying thee that as this day ends the first century of our existence as a town, crowned with so many rich blessings, and leaving us surrounded with so many tokens of thy love and providential care, it may be the beginning of a new century of increased nobleness, prosperity, glory and harmony, of higher culture, and of a more Christian and elevated civilization.

Wilt thou send down thy blessing, heavenly Father, upon him who is to speak to us at this time. Send down thy blessing upon all the officers engaged in the exercises of this day. Send down thy blessing upon those who have sung to thy praise.

And unto Thee, in the name and as the disciples of Jesus Christ, we would ascribe the kingdom, the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

Then followed a song by the choir.

The PRESIDENT. Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have the honor and pleasure of introducing to you the Hon. THOMAS RUSSELL, of Boston, the orator of the day.

Mr. President,—It is a natural and praiseworthy feeling that leads the good men and women of New England to celebrate the day that marks the birth of each town; to repeat the names of their fathers, and to trace the steps by which each little independent community has risen from the poverty and weakness of former times to the wealth, prosperity and comfort of the present. The town government is the foundation of the State; attendance on town meeting and performance of town duties are precious training to the people; and the New England youth, who has wandered to the ends of the earth in search of fame or fortune, looks forward to the day when he shall cast anchor near the old homestead, and hopes that, at last, his dust shall mingle with the dust of his kindred.

One hundred years ago your fathers met within these walls to receive the charter, and to organize the town of Cohasset. The careful antiquarian may remind me that the word "district," instead of "town," was used in the act of the General Court, for the reason that Cohasset was still joined with Hingham in the choice of representative. But in performing municipal duties and in bearing municipal burdens, in the care of roads, of the poor and of schools, in sharing the counsels of the State, and in upholding the arm of the nation, Cohasset has always shown herself to be every inch a town. And if any lingering doubts remain in your minds as to the style of your loved municipality, you will be glad to know, that in 1786 it was enacted, that all districts incorporated before 1777 should be, to all intents and purposes, towns.

The history of the founders of Cohasset begins long before this date. For they were also among the founders of Hingham.

On September 18, (O. S.) 1635, Peter Hobart and twenty-nine others drew lots for homesteads, and thus organized that settlement, which had been begun two years before by a few of Mr. Hobart's townsmen from England. These earliest settlers bore the names of Hobart, Jacobs, Smith and Cushing. Peter Hobart came, with his friends, from Hingham, in Norfolk County, and, like many of the early settlers, they gave to the new town the name of their old home. In his diary we read this record: "1635, June 8.—I, with my wife & 4 children came safely to New England June ye 8, 1635, forever prazed be the God of Heaven, my God & King." Mr. Hobart was a man of learning, of ability and of zeal—a good specimen of the strong men, who, in poverty and in danger, laid the foundations of the American Empire.

In the early annals of your parent town we find much to remind us of their hardships. We read of bounties given for wolf scalps; of the meeting-house surrounded by palisades as a protection against sudden attack; of John Jacob slain by Indians in his wheat-field, in April, 1676; of five dwelling-houses burned during King Philip's war. Such was the welcome of your fathers to these shores. Such were the perils which they gladly bore for their faith.

The horrors of King Philip's war have often been sketched. The flames that were kindled at Swanzey and Dartmouth rolled all over the land; the best blood of the youth was poured out in the meadows of Deerfield; by Turner's Falls; in the swamps of Rhode Island. No town, no home, no man, was safe. Wonderful was the devotion that, unaided and alone, endured the fearful conflict.

As an illustration of the sacrifices of our ancestors, we read that the public debt of the neighboring colony of Plymouth far exceeded the whole amount of personal property in that colony. Well may the historian feel pride in recording the fact that this debt was paid, principal and interest,—paid just as it had been agreed to be paid. Our fathers never dreamed of repudiation. And this contract-keeping people found favor with a covenant-keeping God.

This flourishing town was greatly disturbed by the question of militia elections, and by a quarrel about the location of the

second meeting-house. This quarrel I pass by as more interesting to the people of that day than to this generation. What interests us most is, that the meeting-house was finally built in 1681, and that it now stands,—the oldest church edifice in the United States, containing beams which were in the first meeting-house,—fragrant with old memories. We love to believe that some of the earliest comers to Massachusetts Bay have worshipped in this venerable structure, and to know that the first-born of the Pilgrims may have sat within its walls. Such thoughts bring us into the more immediate presence of our fathers. Well for us if we could act as in that presence and be animated by their spirit.

The militia excitement of 1644 and '45 fills a large space in the annals of Massachusetts Bay, and for seven years disturbed the peace of Hingham. The origin of this trouble was the election of militia captain, and the question involved was the right of the people to choose for themselves, without the control of the magistrates. Mr. Hobart's course was objected to by Deputy-Governor Winthrop as tending to "mere democracy." He and his associates were fined for their turbulent opposition to the court. These fines were resisted; and for this resistance Mr. Hobart was once more dealt with by the court. And when, at a great wedding of a Hingham man, Mr. Hobart was invited to preach in Boston, he was forbidden by the magistrate, because, among other reasons, "he was a bold man, and would speak his mind." The people stood by their pastor, paid his fines and held him always in higher esteem.

It is an honorable record for his many descendants to read of their ancestor, that, two hundred and twenty-five years ago, his views tended to pure democracy, and that, being a bold man, he would speak his mind. Such assertions of equal rights as he made helped to forward the day when a brave son of Hingham should receive the sword of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and to that greater day, when another man, of Hingham descent, proclaimed that slavery in America was forever at an end.

We lose our patience as we read the story of this contest. We smile at the superstitious bigotry of Winthrop, who finds a Providential interposition, when some Hingham men made light of the colony's fast, and attempting to take a raft to Bos-

ton, were delayed a month by bad weather. But while we criticize and smile, we should remember that Hobart and his friends were believed to threaten the powers of the rulers of the Province, and that such threats imperilled the right of self-government. We know, also, that they were dreaded, because they troubled the churches, and those who troubled the churches were believed to endanger souls. On both sides we find error; on both sides sincerity,—the great manly virtue from which all virtue springs. There have been men of gentler disposition than Peter Hobart, of more enlightened views than Gov. Winthrop, of more refined taste, of more graceful speech than any of the Pilgrim Fathers; but those men have no New England for their monument.

Besides this internal strife, your fathers were constantly in danger from the savages and from the enemies of England. They sent six men to fight the Pequots in 1637. They armed against the French, the Dutch and the Spaniards. The mounds in the burial place at Hingham are believed to be relics of the Dutch fort. Capt. Thomas Andrews and nine others perished in Sir William Phipps' expedition, in 1690, one of the party being slain by the enemy, and the others dying of small-pox. Major Samuel Thaxter and five other citizens of Hingham were taken prisoners at the fall of Fort William Henry in 1757. Two Hingham men had been captured before the surrender of the fort, one of whom was put to death, and one of whom, Jeremiah Lincoln by name, escaped from captivity to lead an honorable and useful life. Knight Sprague, a survivor of this expedition, lived to a great age, at Leicester, Massachusetts. Capt. Joshua Barker was among those who served in the attack on Havana in 1740. For these facts I am indebted to the careful researches of that learned antiquarian, your neighbor and friend, Hon. Solomon Lincoln. These wars were a fit preparation for the great war of Independence. The stories of the living and the memory of the dead kept alive a martial spirit in the hearts of the colonists,—even as the stories of '76 and the memories of 1812 prepared for the greater contest of our own day.

An interesting event in the annals of your parent town was the obtaining of a deed of its territory from the heirs of Chickatabut. This powerful sachem, living on the banks of the Ne-

ponset, ruled over a great part of what is now Plymouth and Norfolk Counties. He is supposed to have given permission to the first settlers to make Hingham their home. His sons, Wampatuck, Squmuck and Ahahden, deeded the whole tract which comprise Hingham and Cohasset to Capt. Joshua Hubbard and Ensign John Thaxter for the inhabitants, in 1665, on the 4th of July. That day was destined to become famous as the date of an infinitely greater charter.

The first mention of this locality in the town records of Hingham is in February, 1647, when division of meadow land was made among the proprietors at Conghasset. Not all of these proprietors, however, were residents of this territory. The first Hingham settlers here are said, by Rev. Mr. Flint, to have borne the familiar names of Beal, Cushing, James, Lincoln, Tower and Sutton. With these were joined the families of Bates, Kent, Nichols, Orcutt, Pratt and Stoddard. The first settlement is reported to have been at Rocky-nook, and on the Jerusalem Road. The name of your town is said by some to mean "a fishing promontory;" by others to mean "a place of rocks." Either name would fit the place, and either name would apply to Cohasset Narrows in Sandwich. Mr. Trumbull, the best living authority, assures me that neither of these is correct. Unfortunately he cannot give the true meaning of the word. It is enough that Cohasset now means a place where, for two hundred years, upright men have led honorable lives, and where an honest New England town has flourished for a century.

In 1714, Hingham was requested in vain to remit the school and ministerial taxes to this portion of the old town. In 1715 Hingham voted to grant the request, provided that Cohasset would settle an orthodox minister, and accept this settlement of the matter cheerfully. But the citizens of Cohasset voted that they could not do so cheerfully. In 1717, an Act of the General Court was obtained creating a second parish in Hingham; and on July 14, 1718, the Act was accepted at a meeting, over which Daniel Lincoln presided. The meeting was called for Cohasset, *alias* Little Hingham. This strange phrase is several times repeated. To lawyers the word *alias* savors of anything but honesty. Yet here it was applied to a community as honest as ever breathed.

In 1719, a fast was appointed for the third Thursday of April, in order to give a minister a call. Mr. Pierpont was called at this time, and Mr. Spear in the spring of 1721. But no one was settled until September of that year, when Nehemiah Hobart became pastor. In 1727, the precinct petitioned the General Court for liberty to apply taxes to schools; and in October, 1728, schools were established. In 1731, it was voted that the two arms of the district should each have its share of school money, Rocky-nook at one end, and the Beech-Woods at the other.

In 1740, the church lost its able and beloved pastor, who was a worthy descendant of Peter Hobart. His place was not filled without long delay, nor without various attempts to fix proper terms. One proposition was to pay £400, old tenor, as settlement, and £350 as salary, corn and rye to be taken at 15s. in February, and beef at 10d. in November, with money enough for twenty cords of wood. John Fowle was for a short time the successor of Mr. Hobart, and then Rev. John Brown became pastor. This able preacher served faithfully for forty-five years, preaching on the last Sabbath of his life, and dying at the age of sixty-six. Governor Hancock's state visit to him was a great event in Cohasset. Your town is filled with traditions of his quaint sayings. Serving for one campaign as regimental chaplain in the Nova Scotia expedition, he never lost his military spirit, and his love of liberty made him a warm friend of Independence. When the mild and conservative Mr. Gay asked him what he would do if the British should come into Cohasset Harbor and try to burn the vessels, your minister replied: "I would shoot them!" When, at a meeting in 1775, he had urged recruits to enlist, and an old man had taunted him with calling upon others to do what he dared not do, he raised his staff and threatened to cane the "old Tory" who insulted him. His sermon, preached to volunteers under the old elm in Hingham, was a powerful exhortation to fight for the liberties of America. A stirring sermon on the Boston massacre was published. No one, then, had proclaimed that a clergyman should never exhort men to discharge their duties in this world; no one had denied that patriotism is a duty. Woe to New England, if, when liberty, loyalty and humanity are in danger, her pulpit ever shall be dumb.

In 1750, it was reported, at a parish meeting, that the meeting-house had been completed at a cost of £4,000. This was, of course, old tenor, but it was a large sum for the men of those days. The building was sufficiently completed to be used in 1747–48. This is the building in which we now are assembled, and for more than a hundred and twenty years its walls have echoed the prayers and praises of four generations of men.

In March, 1752, it was voted to petition Hingham and the General Court for the setting off of a new town. This project was renewed again and again, more especially when town meetings became frequent, on account of the questions with the Mother Country. But Hingham, while earnest for Independence, could not see the importance of self-government to her subject province. Yet her opposition was after all a compliment. No wonder that the parent town was loth to part with so fair a territory and with so worthy a people.

Before leaving Hingham, let me refer to a vote in 1768, when impending trouble with England admonished the people to look well to their ways. A committee was chosen in March, composed of the best men in the town, who, in May, reported resolves: "First, that we will, by all ways and means in our power, encourage and promote the practice of virtue and suppressing of vice and immorality, the latter of which seem daily increasing among us, and the decay of the former much to be lamented." This "passed in the affirmative."

Next, they reported, that to promote virtue and discourage vice, it was desirable to lessen the number of licensed houses, so that there should only be six in the town, three in the North Parish, two in the East and one in the South. This passed in the negative, for there were men in those days (the race is now extinct) who loved virtue in the abstract, but opposed every practical measure for the suppression of vice.

On March 23, 1767, it was voted by this precinct not to give up singing line by line, conservatism winning a victory over the radical youth of the church; and in March, 1768, the porch was added to this house.

On May 7, 1770, the Act of Incorporation, which had been signed by Lieut. Gov. Hutchinson on April 26, was accepted at a meeting, where Dea. Isaac Lincoln acted as moderator, and

Daniel Lincoln as clerk. It was voted to ask that the style of "district" be changed to "town." I have referred to the General Act by which this was finally accomplished.

In December, 1770, it was voted that each child bring one foot of wood to school, or 1s. 6d., and the assessors should charge each person that was "behind." Such votes carry us back to primitive times, and remind us that even then the education of children was not neglected. The annual election of "deer-reeves" tells of the time when the beech-woods were alive with game, as the mention of Turkey Hill, in running the bounds of the precinct in 1747, kindles the imagination of sportsmen. But graver matters soon occupied the minds of men who could use fire-arms. On March 7, 1774, it was voted to build a closet in the meeting-house for ammunition. Already the little town was preparing to resist the British Empire; and the same walls that heard your fathers' prayers for deliverance, and their resolves to resist oppression, sheltered the ammunition which was to enforce those resolves, and to show that those prayers were honest.

On December 25, 1774, the town chose a committee of eleven, agreeably to the Articles of the Continental Association. Jesse Stephenson was chairman of this committee. Thomas Lothrop was placed at the head of a committee to draft a paper to be signed by freeholders in approval of that association. At the same meeting, it was voted to pay the province tax to Henry Gardner, and to indemnify the selectmen and constables for so doing. This seems a simple matter. But Mr. Gardner was treasurer under a revolutionary government, and this vote was an act of treason. Thus, day by day, in regular town meeting, by solemn vote, each little municipality fell into the ranks, and pledged its faith for the contest with Great Britain.

On March 6, 1775, it was voted to pay the share of Cohasset for Deacon Lincoln's attendance on the Provincial Congress and for Col. Benjamin Lincoln's attendance at the General Court at Salem. It was worth while to be united with Hingham in the choice of a representative, since thus you shared the credit of having such a patriot as your spokesman. Again, in November, 1775, your fathers joined with Hingham in sending Col. Lincoln to the Provincial Congress at Concord and a

Watertown. Thus, by being united with Hingham as a representative district, your town was honored in sending to the legislature the able general who was destined to receive the surrender of Cornwallis, to sit in the United States Cabinet, to crush by his vigor the rebellion of Shay, and to continue always the trusted friend of Washington.

On April 28, it was voted to buy 500 bushels of corn, 100 pounds of gunpowder and 500 flints. On May 29, a committee of correspondence was chosen, of which Dea. Isaac Lothrop was chairman. Also a committee, of which Joseph Luther was the head, to call on Major Thomas Lothrop, to see whether he will call the alarm list together and settle them in some order. In March next a committee of safety was chosen, of which Thomas Lincoln was chairman. In May, Jonathan Beal was elected representative. On June 15, 1776, it was voted (and no other vote was taken) that if the Honorable American Congress should declare the United Colonies independent of the Kingdom of Great Britain, the town would support it with their lives and fortunes. Thus, when Congress made the declaration, they only echoed the voices of the people, and renewed their sacred pledges.

On August 22, it was voted to raise £52 as a bounty for four soldiers required for the Northern army. In September, £62 were raised as bounty for sixteen soldiers to march to Connecticut. In December, forty shillings were added to the pay of volunteers to encourage them to march on the shortest notice. Subsequent additions were made to this sum, and a final addition was voted of £3, if ordered to march. At a later date, the sum of £10 was given for three years enlistments.

The Declaration of Independence was, in December, copied into the town records. That Declaration, as all the world knows, contained the immortal words, "All men are created equal." Now, I say it reverently, these words have become flesh [here the speaker pointed to Senator Revels], and appear before us to-day.

The town did its full share of service in the war. One full company, commanded by Capt. Job Cushing, was attached to Col. Revere's regiment. Capt. Stowers commanded a company, nearly all from Cohasset, who did guard duty on the coast; and

Noah Nichols was commissioned as captain of an artillery company comprising many Cohasset men.

In the early days of the controversy, your town was represented at the Boston tea-party by Major James Stoddard. Tradition tells, also, of an English brig bound for Boston with supplies for the British army becalmed off these shores, and taken by a boat manned by Cohasset men. Major Stoddard was the leading spirit on this occasion; and when one of the boat's crew pointed to the brig's artillery and proposed to return, the major declared that there should be no going back. The defences of the brig proved to be "quaker guns," and she became an easy prize. Her cargo was rum; and if, as is reported, the town was for a few days a little more lively than usual, we must borrow the words of Burke, and "pardon something to the spirit of liberty."

Many of you must remember the veteran Noah Nichols, who was accustomed in his old age to shoulder his fire-lock

"And show how fields were won."

You have heard his story of Washington ordering him to repair the wheel of a gun carriage while on a forced march, of his request for permission to stop while mending it, and of the general's abrupt refusal. "It was the hardest thing I ever did," the old man would add, "but I did it."

One of your truest patriots in this contest was Joseph Bates. Marching to join the army around Boston, he declared that he never should return. He fought at Bunker Hill, and when the ammunition of the Americans had failed, and they were obliged to retreat, he was seen throwing stones at the well-armed British soldiers as they swarmed into the redoubt. Such was the spirit of our fathers, firm in defeat; cast down but not destroyed. Well did Washington say, when he heard of the result, the retreat, the British victory, but heard, also, of the spirit of the people—well did he say: "Thank God, America is free." When a man is in earnest for the right, whether he stands on a lost battle-field in Charlestown, Massachusetts, or beneath a gallows in Charlestown, Virginia, he knows that failure is only the prelude of success, and that death will, at last, be swallowed up in victory.

During the war, in 1780, the Constitution of this State was adopted, with its Bill of Rights, containing the words: "All men are created free and equal." These words are often misquoted as occurring in the Declaration of Independence, but the slaveholder who wrote that instrument did not and could not use the word "free." It was inserted in our Bill of Rights by a wise judge, in order to abolish human bondage in Massachusetts. Prior to this time, slavery was held to have a legal existence in Massachusetts; and, as the old records of Hingham show, even the soil of Cohasset was trodden by master and slave. But after the adoption of the State Constitution, a fellow-townsman of your fathers by birth, Levi Lincoln, trying the cause of a man held as a slave in Worcester County, procured the decision that broke the shackles of every bondman in Massachusetts. Mr. Lincoln, who was born in Hingham, rose to great eminence at the bar, was chosen to Congress, was appointed attorney-general, held the office of lieutenant-governor in this State, and declined appointment as judge of the supreme court of the United States. But his greatest honor was, that he pleaded the cause of the oppressed, and won a victory for freedom.

This was one of the forward steps that gained for our State its proud position. When the Fifteenth Amendment went into operation a few weeks since, it had no effect in Massachusetts. Here was no law which it could repeal. Other States obtained their freedom with a great price. We were born free.

The war of 1812 found the men of Cohasset ready to stand by the flag, although they were not attached to the administration, and although the town had suffered greatly from the embargo. They forgot that they were Democrats or Federalists, and only remembered that they were Americans. A committee of safety was chosen, a coast-guard of seventy-five was formed, and a committee was sent to ask arms and ammunition from the State. Lieut. Gov. Cobb (in the absence of Gov. Strong), refused the request, and recommended the hoisting of a white flag. The men of Cohasset disdained the timid counsels of the executive, and finally procured muskets and a field-piece. The executive of to-day would give no such prudent advice in any similar peril. Governor and lieutenant-governor alike would

counsel the use of no flag except their country's flag,—and that, nailed to the mast.

In June, 1814, a British man-of-war having sent a flotilla of barges to burn the shipping of Scituate, sailed for Cohasset on a like errand. Capt. Peter Lothrop, roused by a messenger from Scituate, leaped from his bed; and without hat or coat, mounting a horse without a saddle, rode through the village and roused the slumbering inhabitants. Marching to White-Head, the militia and other citizens threw up an earthwork, pastor and people working together; and when, on Sunday morning, the British appeared, they found a redoubt held by what appeared to be a formidable force. The enemy withdrew; the fleet of twenty-seven vessels was carried to Gulf River and scuttled. The militia of Hingham and Weymouth, with the artillery of Abington, Hanover and Scituate, marched to Cohasset; and for three months White-Head was occupied by a garrison. And so the community was kept in constant alarm, till, on February 21, came the glad tidings of peace, which was celebrated, with the birthday of Washington, by a dinner at the academy.

The diary of Josiah Willcutt tells of the fishing schooner Nancy, captured in September, 1814, two of her crew being set ashore at Plymouth, and the others carried to Halifax jail. In April, 1815, Ezekiel Wallace returned, bringing news that Isaiah Lincoln had died in prison. England alone, among civilized nations, makes war on poor fishermen.

Tradition tells of a brave son of Cohasset who could not bear to see the English fleet insulting our shores. Alone he embarked in his ducking boat, declaring that he would have one shot at the enemy. He fired his shot with effect, but was taken prisoner, and died in Halifax jail. I have inquired in vain for his name, but I cannot give up my faith in the story of the British fleet assailed by a punt.

To us it seems strange that through this contest the shores of this State were invested by the enemy—Nantucket flying a flag of truce, Provincetown Harbor occupied by a hostile fleet, and Boston closely blockaded. This can never happen again. The growth of the country forbids it. Our mail-clad ships would forbid it. And, better far, the spirit of the people would guard the shores from foreign insult. There may be different opinions

as to the efficiency of our navy as compared with England's. But there can be no doubt about the sailors who would man our navy.

> "Vain are those fleets of iron framed,
> Vain those all-shattering guns,
> Unless THE UNION keep untamed
> The strong heart of her sons."

And that the strength of American hearts is unbroken, the recent rebellion has shown.

Your good town early responded to the call of the country. In May, 1861, most liberal provision was made for the pay of volunteers and the support of their families. Similar votes were passed as need arose. And under the folds of a noble flag, given by a patriotic citizen, the sons of Cohasset met, from time to time, to enlist for the defence of the Union and Liberty of which that flag is the emblem.

One of your fellow-citizens, Oliver E. Simpson by name, fell in the first great battle at Bull Run. The names of your other martyrs are known to you all—Arnold, Bates, Litchfield, Lincoln, Manuel, Nimms, Riply, Shays, Treat, Thayer. William Bates had the mournful honor of giving two of his sons to his country.

You are all proud of Gen. Zealous B. Tower, first in his class at West Point, afterward for a time head of that institution, distinguished in the Mexican war, where he fought by the side of Lee and Beauregard, winning the high praise of Gen. Scott, serving bravely on many a field of the war against rebellion, wounded while fighting for the Union, known and honored wherever courage and loyalty are honored. Such men are the glory of their homes and the strength of America.

But I must not forget:

> —— "Peace hath its victories
> Not less renowned than war."

And of such victories this rugged coast has often been the scene. For when the gales have hurled the Atlantic waves upon Cohasset rocks, and when some vessel has become a wreck, there have never been wanting men who were ready to risk their lives to save the forlorn strangers, and every house has

been ready to become a home for the rescued mariner. The days of chivalry have not gone, when every north-easterly storm summons to the shores of New England a host of men ready to brave death in the hope of saving life. To-day you can point out the men, who, if to-morrow morning should bring a storm and a wreck, would man the life-boat and welcome the shipwrecked sailor. If I must ever be subject to marine disaster (which is not wholly improbable), let it be off Cohasset, and let some Doane, or Lothrop, or Tower, receive me on the shore.

Grandest of all the scenes of nature is a winter storm upon a rocky coast. But grander far to see, as I saw once, as you have often seen, the will of man triumphant over the strife of the elements. The stranded vessel lies hopeless on the shoal. Her master is lashed to the bulwarks; the freezing sleet has numbed his limbs; every wave dashes over him. All the billows of despair have gone over his soul. Then a man of the sea leaps into his cockle-shell of a boat, sends a token to his children, who may be orphans at night, and guides his frail canoe among the rocks. Now the waves have swallowed him up, but strength and skill prevail; he reaches the ship; he bears the almost lifeless sailor in safety from the parting fragments of the wreck.

Time would fail me if I sought to recall all the marine disasters which this spot has witnessed. Let a few records suffice.

On February 12, 1793, the Danish ship Gertrude Maria, in a driving snow storm, struck on a ledge, and finally went to pieces on Brush Island, where the survivors of the wreck found poor shelter for the night. In the morning hardy sailors rescued them, with great hazard, losing one boat upon the rocks, and humane friends sheltered them at their homes. This was the reception of men, who, fearing that they were about to fall into the hands of savages, had cut the gilded buttons from their coats, lest they should tempt the barbarous people to crime.

The King of Denmark, learning the facts, sent medals of gold and silver to honor the gallantry and humanity of the people of Cohasset; and when, years after, Mr. Hubbard, a citizen of Boston, was carried into the harbor of St. Croix dangerously sick, the health laws were suspended; the rigorous quarantine gave way in token of the hospitality which Capt. Clien and his men had received when wrecked at Cohasset near the port of Boston.

Thus was America honored in distant lands; the humanity of your fathers was repaid to a stranger, and the nations of the world were brought nearer to each other.

Rev. Mr. Shaw was among those who were conspicuous for their humanity. The names of Doane and Tower were not wanting on the Roll of Honor. The proceeds of one of the gold medals were most appropriately used to add to the communion plate of the first church—appropriately, for when the men of Cohasset rescued and fed and clothed and sheltered the poor wayfarers cast upon these shores, they bestowed their gifts on Him who is commemorated by the communion service:

> "The Holy Supper is kept indeed
> In whatso we share with another's need."

In October, 1849, the British brig St. John, with immigrants from Galway, struck on the Sea Ledges, a little to the west of the Minot, and immediately went to pieces. More than a hundred of her passengers were drowned. Others were rescued by the humane exertions and heroic daring of the men of Cohasset; and every house was open to welcome those who were thus snatched from the grave. I have already named the founders of your town. Let me name some of those who, in our own day, sustained its honor and the honor of humanity. Studley, Snow, Lawrence, Hardwick, Lothrop, Tower—these were prominent in their efforts to save. I have not been able to procure the names of all. Their modesty will thank me, as the modesty of all would have thanked me, if all the names had been withheld.

One affecting incident of the wreck must be familiar to you all. Mr. Lothrop watched a little package that floated in the surf, and grasping it, found, to his surprise, an infant girl. The mother had wrapped up her child with careful hands, and committed her to the waves, as once a mother placed her loved child in a little ark upon the water's edge, and prayed that Heaven would save the infant's life. And this child, also, was received into princely hands. But a mother's care and the stranger's daring would have been vain, had it not been decreed by Him who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand that this child should live and not die.

Another child was brought in this vessel by her aunt to meet the mother who had come to America before. When the mother sought her infant, she found her resting with her head upon the shoulder of her aunt, but the child and the woman alike were dead. The heart-broken mother only survived for three days.

In striking contrast with the heroism and kindness of your people, was the heartlessness of the captain of the St. John, who, with the crew, left his vessel in a boat only half filled, and who, in his cruel cowardice, neglected to inform the crew of a life-boat that his wrecked vessel was filled with perishing men and women.

Life is filled with just such contrasts. The same waters that witnessed the heroism of Capt. Williams and his officers going down at their posts, unwilling to desert the sinking flag, saw the captain of the Bombay leaving the ship whose sides he had crushed, hurrying away as fast as wind and steam could carry him, trembling all over with cruel fear, lest in the bottom of his vessel there might be some plank as rotten as his own heart.

On January 19, 1857, the brigantine New Empire was wrecked at Little White Head. The floating ice prevented all approach to the shore. Peter Follen, procuring two cylinders from the Humane House, placed them beneath his knees, and took a line to the ship, casting in his lot with the shipwrecked men that he might save them all.

Of course the standard jokes about wreckers are related of the inhabitants of these shores. Of one it is said especially that when asked what his luck had been for the season, he answered: "I got a good deal of stuff and put it in the barn, but they do steal so *the second time*, that sometimes I almost wish there never would be another wreck."

A much better authenticated story, is that of the Swedish brig wrecked on Minot's Ledge, December, 1836; her two decks washing ashore upon Beach Island, three miles distant, her precious cargo strewn all along the shores upon the bottom of the sea. Ninety per cent. of that cargo was recovered; every bar of iron was delivered to the owners, the count answering the invoice; while of forty bales of crash, consigned to one Boston merchant, forty save one were carried to him in the winter, and the remaining bale was restored in June.

In 1798, the last slave ship that sailed from Boston was driven upon the bar at the mouth of your harbor, and so her criminal voyage came to a fortunate end.

Since the erection of Minot Light, these disasters are almost unknown in this spot. The whole country recollects the destruction of the first light in April, 1851. A long storm had strewn the shores of New England with shipwrecked vessels. A former gale had shattered one of the iron pillars that upheld the structure. And when the morning light of April 18 broke through the storm, the anxious eyes that looked seaward could see no vestige of the lighthouse. Two men perished in its downfall. The present structure is the pride of the coast. Had it been erected in ancient times, it would have added one to the wonders of the world. As it stands now, firm and erect amid the raging sea, it is not only a noble triumph of human skill, but the fittest emblem of a true man constant for the right against a gainsaying world. Such a symbol might have been borne upon the coat-of-arms of Peter Hobart in 1645, or, in 1829, upon the spotless shield of William Lloyd Garrison.

But it is not in scenes of war or of wreck that the true life of such a town is found. You love Cohasset, because here for generations an industrious, intelligent and contented people have found a happy home. Here, as among all your neighbors of the South Shore, hard work, "plain living, high thinking," with peace and freedom, have been the habitual life of the people. Your fathers turned early from the hard and scanty soil to reap their richest harvests on the sea. The exportation of lumber to the West Indies has ceased. No more fortunes can be made by selling fish at famine prices in the Atlantic and Mediterranean ports of France and the Peninsula. But still, like your fathers, you draw wealth from the ocean, and with it the more precious treasures of vigor, energy and enterprise. Nor is agriculture neglected even on these shores. Labor and skill make your rocky fields productive. Your pleasant beaches tempt and refresh the wearied fugitives from the cares and toils of the city. The growth of Cohasset in wealth has been used as an argument to stimulate your neighbors to demand railroad facilities. Well may they desire to share those facilities, when they read that your valuation has increased from $306,000, in

1840, to nearly $1,800,000 to-day. Your care of schools increases with your wealth, increasing the town appropriation in twenty-five years from $1,100 to $4,000. Three younger churches have grown up around this venerable mother. The last not only bears a pleasant name—"the Beechwood Church"—but its origin carries us back to Puritan days, for it was founded after forty days of prayer by an earnest woman. And while this takes our thoughts back to old times, the first contribution for this church reminds us of a story that can never grow old. For the first gift set apart for its treasury was the smallest coin that ever issued from our mint.

And who and what are the men that are the product of your institutions? You may well boast of Benjamin Pratt, who was born March 13, 1710–11, in a house on what is now called South Main Street—on a homestead which has now been in possession of the family for one hundred and eighty-five years. A gifted writer in prose and verse, an eloquent and successful lawyer, he was appointed to the high place of chief justice of New York, and died in 1763, too early to share in the contest for Independence, although he heard the argument of James Otis against Writs of Assistance, and declined a retainer on each side of that great argument. He had collected materials for a history of New England; and those who love to read her story have reason to lament that he did not complete his work. In his youth, a fall from a tree made Benjamin Pratt a cripple for life, and this was the reason that he gave up his chosen occupation as a blacksmith and become a lawyer. Rare example of Yankee thrift! Accident ruins the young blacksmith. His parents send him to the greatest master of law, and fit their unfortunate boy to become chief justice of a great State.

In later days, Middlebury College was glad to receive a Cohasset man as president, in the person of Rev. Dr. Bates. I have already spoken of the soldier who is your pride. If the grief were not too recent, and if his friends were not so near, I should speak of the skilled and loved physician who served this State faithfully for years, and whose hospitality made so many New Englanders at home in the heart of a Western city.

The true glory of this, as of other New England towns, is found, not in the conspicuous few, but in the honorable and use-

ful lives of the many. And if a stranger desired to see a community who live in the fear of God and the love of their fellow-men; who mind their own business, and yet make the cause of the poor and ignorant their business; whose best men render every precious service to their town without money and without price; a community from which a dying man would be glad to select guardians for his orphan children; a people who stand firm for the faith of their fathers, yet are ready to receive all the truths which lay undeveloped in the creed of those fathers; "Catholic for all the truth of God: Protestant against every error of man;" if a visitor sought such a community, I would take him to a village on the "South Shore" and tell him to seek no farther.

And as we admire your pleasant town to-day, decked as it is in holiday attire; as we see all around us proofs of comfort and thrift and taste and progress, we know that we owe it all to the character of our people and to the virtues of their ancestors. As I enjoyed yesterday the beautiful suburbs of Boston, the trim lawns and blossoming shrubs and graceful mansions, an esteemed friend said to me: "It is all the fruit of free schools." And true it is, that all the comfort and elegance of your homes is the direct product of New England institutions and of Puritan virtues. Faith and thought made our fathers exiles. They founded this new country in faith, and reared their children to careful and vigorous thought. They decreed that all the children should be taught—above all, that they should all be "taught of the Lord."

They honored labor. Never was it a reproach in New England, even when slavery had a nominal existence here, that a man worked with his hands. Never was there a time when the rulers of our towns, and the majority of their representatives, were not men who earned their living by the sweat of their brow.

They kept the day of the Lord strictly according to their light, giving, on their first Sabbath, such an example of devotion as the world had never seen. Who knows how much of the energy and vigor of New England men is due to this their ancestral habit? Of all innovations that are called reform, the most accursed is that which would rob the working man of his day of

rest. I speak not of theological origin or of divine sanction, but of common-sense and of human need. Men may differ honestly about ten hour laws and eight hour laws, but the worst enemy of labor is the man who, upon any pretence, would take from the sons of labor this precious inheritance.

Let us stand in the old ways; with free thought, with free schools, and, in Choate's words, "the Bible in the schools as long as there's a piece of Plymouth Rock left, big enough to make a gun-flint of;" with the Sabbath undesecrated; labor honored and protected; public faith kept. Then we will not fear that any local change in the preponderance of power, any hostile legislation, any sectional prejudices, will ever blight our prosperity. New England can never be left out in the cold while the fire of faith glows in her heart and the warm blood of patriotism courses in all her veins.

Men speak of the danger from foreign influence; from the hosts of ignorant immigrants; from superstition and from atheism. I look at our meeting-houses and school-houses, the fortifications of America; I find the great heart of the people sound, and I defy all hostile powers. From unbelief and misbelief, from tyranny and anarchy, the faith of our fathers, as firm as in their day and with all the light of this day, will ever save us, even as the rocks of Cohasset roll back the Atlantic waves.

The red cedar, that fastens itself in the granite, and forces itself through the crevice of the rock, and sends its roots deep into the earth, and spreads its verdant boughs in spite of north wind and east wind—that is an emblem of New England prosperity. It is a symbol of native virtue, contending with circumstances, triumphant over fate. He who planted that vigorous shoot on these rugged shores will sustain it. And while we are true to ourselves, as He was with the fathers, so He will be with us.

The President. I will take this occasion to introduce to you a gentleman whom it gives us pleasure to have with us here to-day, as an honored representative of the State of Mississippi in the Senate of the United States, and a representative, also, of a once down-trodden race, the Hon. Hiram Revels, of Mississippi. (Loud applause.)

ADDRESS OF SENATOR REVELS.

Mr. President and Friends,—I am in no condition to make a speech, as I have a very bad cold, and am very hoarse, as you perceive; but I cannot refrain from the effort to say a few words, at least, to an audience like this—a body of ladies and gentlemen to whom I and my race owe so much.

It may seem a little strange that I, an entire stranger to most of you, am in your midst. Should it seem so to any, I will assign a few reasons why I am here: I was invited to come, and very thankfully accepted the invitation. Again, I was aware, that if I came here to-day, I should see quite a number of the citizens of the old Bay State, whom I should not see if I did not come. And, in the next place, I desired to see them in order that I might say to them what I would I could say to every citizen of the State of Massachusetts, that I, and the entire colored people of the South, aye, the colored people of the United States, are fully aware of the extent of our indebtedness to you for the happy condition we occupy to-day in this country. The colored people of the South, to an extent that would be very surprising to you, were you fully aware of it, have known, for years and years past, the sympathy that you have felt for them. For years past, they have known the efforts that you were making in their behalf, to break the fetters with which they were bound. For years and years they have known how you have been laboring and toiling for them, sympathizing with them, and doing everything in your power in order to secure their emancipation from degrading and ruinous slavery. The question may occur to the minds of some, How did they know that, when, according to the laws of most of the slave States, they were not allowed to be taught to read the word "Christ," not allowed to be taught to read the word "heaven," even? How could they have a knowledge of these things, when it was for the interest of their owners to keep from them the knowledge of what you were doing in their behalf, more than it was to keep them from learning to read the name of Christ? I will enlighten your minds upon this point. There were not only in the southern States the field or plantation hands, consisting of men, women and children, but there were house servants. These, of course, came in contact with their

owners constantly, and their quick and ready ears, whenever they heard a word in regard to slavery, or in regard to the people of Massachusetts,—Wendell Phillips, Garrison, Sumner, Wilson, and many others, whom I could name had I time,—whenever they heard a word in regard to what these men were doing against the institution of slavery, those quick ears would retain the words, and, prompted by joy, as soon as they got among their fellow-servants they would tell them what they had heard, and then the news spread and spread through the South, until the names of Phillips and Garrison, and the name of Massachusetts, became sacred names with the slave population. (Applause.)

Now, I wish to express to you, and they desire that I shall express to you, their thanks for what you have done in their behalf; for the labors and efforts which, as they are well aware, accomplished so much towards their liberation.

My friends, I have but very little more to say at this time. I wish to say for your encouragement, as I know that you wish those well for whom you have labored so long and so hard, that they are doing surprisingly well, everything considered. Schools are being established all over the South, and never did you see men and women, even grown men and women, more desirous of acquiring knowledge and becoming enlightened, than are the colored men and women of the South; and when it comes to the children and youth, they desire to become educated and enlightened, and the opportunities of becoming so are being extended, and they are drinking in knowledge as the thirsty earth drinks in the summer rain. I say this to you, my friends, for your encouragement, and it is my belief, that, if a fair opportunity is given to the colored people of the South, they will do well. They have a great desire to acquire property, and they are acquiring property very rapidly. Many of them desire to purchase land, and they have the means to purchase small amounts of land if they could get it; but their former owners are trying to hold on to their land. You know that one of those men owns as much land as six men should own. That is the way, you know, it has been there; but now the taxes are so heavy that, as they have no one to work the land for them, but are obliged to hire their labor, they will be compelled to sell their land, or a part of it. Occasion-

ally a very large plantation or farm is sold, and then the way the freedmen do is this: One or two cannot buy that plantation, but as many as fifteen or twenty put their money together, and thus get enough to purchase the farm. Then they go to work on it together for a while; but there is this regular agreement, when they purchase it in the way I have described, that by-and-by it shall be divided equally among the twenty, if they desire it, and each one have his part separate from the others. I merely mention this fact to let you see how desirous they are of acquiring property. They are doing well, I know it will encourage you to hear it, dear friends.

Let me say, in conclusion, you are doubtless aware of this fact, that somehow the southern people, while they hated all New England, hated Massachusetts a little more than they did any other part of it. That was greatly in your favor; and the more they hated you, the better the slaves, knowing why they did it, loved you.

Dear friends, I thank you for your attention. I am so hoarse that it troubles me to speak or think. I have this to say to you, my friends: I love you, my race loves you. The Lord bless you. I hope to meet you in heaven. (Applause.)

The choir then sang an anthem.

The exercises concluded with prayer by Rev. C. B. Smith, of Cohasset:—

Great and eternal God, our God, from everlasting to everlasting thou art God. With Thee there is no variableness or shadow of turning. Thy years are through all generations. We thank Thee that we are performing our brief part upon the stage of action at this time; that we have been relieved from the perils and the hardships which have been endured by those who have gone before us; and while we enjoy the legacy conferred upon us by them, may we feel that still greater responsibilities devolve upon us, to leave to those who shall come after us better things than our fathers left for us.

And now, as we enter upon the duties of a new century, we call upon our souls and all within us to bless Thy great and glo-

rious name, that we welcome here to-day the representative of a race long down-trodden and oppressed, but who to-day, with unmanacled limbs, stand upon the same platform of universal liberty with us, endued with all the rights and privileges of citizenship. And we pray that thy blessing may attend them in the acquisition of knowledge, and in making such progress as will enable them to acquit themselves with honor to themselves and our whole nation.

Great God, let thy blessing be upon us; and, as we shall have passed from the stage before another occasion like this will have come to pass, oh may it be our lot to be acting in scenes more glorious and desirable! When heart and flesh shall fail us, be Thou our portion and our God, and in the world to come may we be prepared to honor and praise and glorify thee. And to God, the only wise, Father, Son and Spirit, shall be the glory evermore. Amen.

The procession then re-formed, and marched to one of the depot buildings, which had been handsomely decorated for the occasion by Lamprell & Marble, of Boston, where a dinner had been provided by Thomas M. Smith, of Cohasset. The tables were laid for six hundred persons, and nearly every seat was occupied, the presence of ladies adding greatly to the interest and pleasure of the occasion. The company having been seated, the President of the Day again extended a cordial welcome to all, and requested Rev. J. R. Husted, of Cohasset, to ask the divine blessing.

PRAYER BY REV. MR. HUSTED.

Our heavenly Father, source of all being and blessing, we thank thee for all the gifts of thy providence and grace, and especially for the gift of thy Son, Jesus Christ, through whom all other blessings are derived to us. We thank Thee for this day, for these pleasant memories and associations, for the intellectual entertainment with which we have been favored, for the pleasant auspices under which we are convened to celebrate this

centenary occasion, and for the food now spread before us for the refreshment of our natures. May Thy blessing rest upon us, and may we partake of thy gifts with grateful hearts, recognizing the Giver, and by cherishing the sentiments and purposes of patriots and Christians show that the example of our fathers has not been lost upon us. Finally, when we, like them, shall be called upon to pass from earth, may we be received to enjoy the blessings of thine upper and better kingdom. All of which we ask in the name and for the sake of thy Son, our Saviour and Redeemer.

An hour was then happily spent in disposing of the substantial and bountiful repast spread upon the tables, after which the President introduced Mr. George Beal, Jr., of Cohasset, as the Toast-Master of the occasion, who gave the first regular toast, as follows:—

The President of the United States.

Hon. Thomas Russell, Collector of Boston, was called upon to respond.

SPEECH OF COLLECTOR RUSSELL.

I am sure you have all heard enough of my voice to-day, and, fortunately, there is no need for any one to respond to a sentiment in honor of the President of the United States. This rescued land responds for him. Every spear of grass that grows upon your hills, every wave that rolls upon your shores, takes to itself a tongue, and tells the praises of the loyalty and courage to which we owe the deliverance of our country. (Applause.) If the President were here, I am sure he would turn to those volunteers who acted as our escort to-day, and say that all the wealth and all the beauty of this town and of this land, all these thriving farms, all the comfort of these homes, all the grateful feelings with which we keep this thanksgiving to-day, we owe to them, and to those who, like them, braved death at the call of patriotism for the defence of liberty. (Applause.)

And then, perhaps, the President would add that it is the glory of America that she is known in foreign lands, not only by her great cities, New York and Washington and Boston, but in time of war they hear also of the little towns, of the Cohassets, the Hinghams, the Scituates, the Plymouths. Our glory is that our strength is not in a great city, like Paris or London, but all over America, from ocean to ocean, in these little patriotic communities. There is the imperishable life of the nation, which,

> "Vital in every part, * * * *
> Cannot but by annihilation die."

One word more of the President. It is the glory of Gen. Grant, that long before the proclamation of emancipation, he announced that emancipation must come; that only by justice could we win victory. He was the author of that imperishable sentiment: "Human liberty the only foundation of human government." That we have obtained. Now we want to go one step further. We want a fifteenth amendment of the heart; we want to see the last of that mean, lingering prejudice which denounces and despises any man because of his color. (Applause.) The world does move; I thought of it when I saw that honored senator take his place in the church. Forty years ago, in a country town of Massachusetts, such was the prejudice against color, that the hotel refused to receive any colored man who happened to be travelling through the place. There was one man in the town whose doors were open to any one, and to his house every colored man was sent. That man is to-day Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. (Applause.) And speaking—presuming to speak, as you have called upon me to do—for the President of the United States, I give you,—*The Fifteenth Amendment of the National Heart:* Equality before the law, we have it; equality in social life, we must have it.

Music.

Second regular toast:

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts—The home of the Puritan still.

Gov. Claflin rose to respond, when three cheers were called for, and given with great heartiness and unanimity.

SPEECH OF GOV. CLAFLIN.

I am sure, Mr. President and friends, that you would all prefer that the gentleman who has just taken his seat should have answered for the State as well as for the President of the United States. I accept your cheers as an indication of the sentiments which you cherish towards the State of Massachusetts, the glorious old Commonwealth.

I thank you most cordially for the opportunity you have given me to attend these ceremonies to-day, and to hear the pleasant voice of my friend, who has delineated your history so graphically and clearly. I am sure that, a hundred years hence, the historian who turns back to the oration which has been delivered this day will feel that, with all the advances that may have been made in that time, they cannot hope to have a better oration on the celebration of the second centenary than that to which we have listened to-day.

I am called upon to say a word in behalf of the Commonwealth. Looking back for a moment to the period to which our thoughts naturally turn to-day, looking back to the year 1770, what was our number? Including the State of Maine, we then had 250,000, possibly 275,000 inhabitants. To-day we have almost six times that number in our own Commonwealth, of about one-third the territory then embraced within the limits of the colony. While the population has increased in this great ratio, the wealth of the State has increased in much greater proportion. To one coming from a distant State to visit us, the question might occur, "What has brought all this to pass? How comes it that this State, with its unfavorable soil, with its cold and cheerless climate, should have been so successful?" Now, I am not one of those who believe that Massachusetts is without great natural advantages. I believe that God has given us a very favorable location on the earth's surface. Our immense sea-coast, our fine and beautiful harbors, afford advantages which, in the hands of an enterprising and energetic people, enable them to make good their position. True, we

have not the mines nor the fertile soils which abound in other States, but we have these other facilities; and, above all, in the providence of God, he ordered to these shores that bold Puritan band who laid the foundations of the State in righteousness, and left us a richer legacy than mines or soils. They left to us a system of public schools and a love of industry and integrity, which have borne their fruits in enriching our State, in giving us a world-wide fame, and in giving us men who shall make the State forever glorious. And to-day, as we look back to the year 1770, and see that Massachusetts then took a high place in the counsels of the nation, how can we say that, with all the advancement of other parts of the land, we have fallen back? We stand to-day with two members of the cabinet—noble, trusted, faithful, true men, who in all parts of the land are honored for their intelligence and their true principles, representing the State of Massachusetts. Then, when we look at the Senate, in what period of the history of Massachusetts do we find her better represented than she is to-day? I like to look forward to the future. Some people fear that Massachusetts is not to grow; that she is not to progress in all that makes a State great and glorious. But I have no fears; I believe that she is greater to-day in her power and in her opportunities for improvement than ever before. The great improvements of Massachusetts have been made principally in the last fifty years. All her material interests have been improved in that time; her school system has been brought to its present degree of perfection, and it is bearing its fruits. Her population has increased more rapidly in the last ten years than at any previous period in her history, and so, as it seems to me, she is to go on in the future; and at the end of another hundred years, this State, though small in territory, will have two or three times the population she numbers to-day. Nothing can take from us the advantageous position we hold upon the earth's surface, and nothing, I believe, will take from us the resolution to improve all the opportunities we have, whether material, moral or intellectual.

I thank you, gentlemen, for the opportunity you have given me to be with you and enjoy this pleasant occasion. I will not trespass further upon your time, for I see all around me men

who are familiar with your history, who rejoice with you more than I can express, who feel that they are a part with you, and are ready to express their feelings.

Music.

Third regular toast:

Welcome, sons and daughters of Cohasset; welcome adopted sons and daughters; welcome all to the family table to-day.

SPEECH OF LORING LOTHROP.

Mr. Chairman,—It has been said of language, that it was given us to conceal our thoughts. It is indeed true that speech does partially conceal or misrepresent many of the thoughts we desire and strive to utter. But there can be no obscurity as to the sentiments of this hour. Uttered or unexpressed, they are simple and eloquent. The girls and boys of this fair town, in returning, on this festal day, to the home of their earliest years, do so with a clear conception of its significance. The lapse of time changes not our sympathies. The warm pulses of youth, of love and beauty, of confident hope and innocent joy, are cherished still. The heart is freed from perverting influences. The sensibilities are tender and open to impressions, and the associations of the hour warm and enliven them. We think of matters in which the affections are concerned. Precious, indeed precious, the remembrance of our youthful home. Precious the remembrance of meetings at the domestic fireside, seasons of warm-hearted fellowship. We cherish these memories with affectionate and unfailing regard. And so, Mr. Chairman, we are happy to be with you to-day, and give and receive the warm hand of fellowship, and go up together to a higher standpoint, from which to look out upon the past, view the present, and prepare for the future. Thus we mark our progress in life.

It is, however, with mingled emotions that I respond to your call. Returning to the scenes of our brightest and happiest days, we feel deeply the changes of the past. Even the face of nature wears a different aspect. The hills are not so green, the rocks are not so rough and huge, and

"The schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot,"

appears less cheerful now.

Everything relating to man in this world is stamped with change. This we recognize; this we experience. Still we cannot think of the companions of our youth, who have left their native land, the land of their fathers; who have forgotten us, or themselves lie forgotten in the grave; of the house which sheltered us; of the parents who cared for us, and the spot where we knelt down to say our simple prayer; of the father whose hand was laid upon the head of his boy as he went forth to meet the duties and perils and struggles of life; and, above all, of her whose smile was the dearest enjoyment of our young life, without feeling in the soul a void which naught can fill. All, all, is changed. A century is past,

"And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur. Other gifts
Have followed for such loss; I would believe,
Abundant recompense."

Mr. Chairman, I loved, when a boy, to stand on the summit of the great rock a little south of the house in which I was born, just as the sun's golden rim touched the horizon, and linger there till the village beneath was hushed, and, their evening song ended, the birds had gone to their leafy homes, and the harvest moon, pale and silvery, came forth undimmed by the brightness of her effulgent brother. Many years since then have passed away. The green leaves have withered and dropped and perished; the trees have bent under the winter's snows, and again have put forth their buds and blossoms, and their thick foliage has cast in summer its broad shadow on the earth. Successively have they been changed by decay's effacing fingers, to again live in beauty and joy. It was an inviting spot. That rocky hillside is even now more grateful to my view than almost any other place.

"Oh, there are green spots on the path of time!"

So, my friends, as we return each to his once cherished spot and linger there, the freshness of young life returns. Our past

lives in the present, and the scenes of childhood are not loved in vain.

But touching memories are now awakened.

> "It was a night of summer, and the sea
> Slept like a child in mute tranquillity,"

and from the heights of that granite hill I looked out upon the broad ocean, and watched the white sail far distant down the bay, and fancied the joy of the mariner as he saw his native land once more.

It was a winter's night, and I watched the white-winged vessels as they went out from the land, and saw the storm-cloud gather round some frail bark.

> "In her was many a mother's joy,
> And love of many a weeping fair;
> For her was wafted in its sigh
> The lonely heart's unceasing prayer!
> And oh! the thousand hopes untold
> Of ardent youth, that vessel bore.
> Say, were they quenched in waters cold?
> For she was never heard of more.

These pensive utterances are natural, and it seems to me in harmony with the spirit of this anniversary day. But I must end them now, to say a word in regard to a matter of local interest. Cohasset is a fair town, as well as a land of mighty rocks. Your common looks fresh and cheerful. The old church, which has witnessed scenes which none of us can recall, still stands. I have heard it said that some persons desire to remove it, and place it on the west side of the street. Why, my friends, the plain was large enough forty-five years ago, when Col. Newcomb Bates commanded the regiment, and Job Bates and Eliot Stoddard were the drummers of the Cohasset company, and Mr. John Wilcutt was fifer. The brigade mustered at that time at Cohasset, and the town has not seen such a day since, nor witnessed such exploits as were then accomplished by the Hingham Rifle Company, when, in sham fight, they vanquished their foes, and drove them, in the confusion of utter defeat, from the field of battle. You will never see a day like that. (Laughter.) The town had room enough then. Don't remove the old church.

Should you ever do it, be sure and put up on the spot where it stood a notice of the fact in large letters, assuring all interested that this is Cohasset still.

Indulge me now, Mr. Chairman, in a few brief reminiscences. Soon after I began the study of Latin, I was told that the goose was placed by the Romans high among the sacred birds, because the cackling of geese preserved the Roman State from the incursions of the Gauls, who were about to render themselves masters of the capital; and I soon learned that they had not failed to still be the most vigilant sentinels that could be placed to warn parents when their boys or girls returned a little late at night, and wanted to get into the house and up to bed in the most quiet way possible. I remember well two companies of them, belonging to the neighbors, which used to station themselves on the hillside just opposite my father's house. Do my best, I never could escape their vigilance. The slightest noise was sufficient to awaken them, and then they sent forth reiterated cries, not unlike the hissing of a serpent; and though I used now and then "to put in a stone by way of punctuation," it seemed only to stir the whole multitude to join in a loud chorus. Then ensued the silence and sullenness of defeat. Let me ask if any of you suffered thus? If you did, I am glad of it. You can well remember what measures of satisfaction you devised but never executed. Have you not despised a goose ever since? I have, exceedingly.

I should like, Mr. Chairman, to review the past, and speak of some of the men who in my boyhood seemed to wear a mysterious being; but I must content myself with alluding to one only, who lived in the south part of the town, and who spent much time in fishing and gunning. Some of his adventures and stories were wonderful. He had an old English gun, which he said would carry about a pint and a half of shot. One day he was on the beach, where was a multitude of peeps. He said the beach was literally covered. So he raised his gun, and, just as he pulled the trigger, he gave her a good shake, so as to scatter the shot well; but, strange to tell, he did not get a single peep, though he picked up a bushel and a half of legs. I knew him well, as in summer I passed his house daily, and he had a won-

derful influence upon my youthful fancy. I would not have said anything but "*Yes, sir*" and "*No, sir*" to him, for the world.

Some of you recollect when old Father Little carried the mail and two passengers beside himself in a square-top chaise to Boston, and when he came to a decent sort of a hill he used to push behind and help his jaded animals all he could. One morning the town was surprised at the appearance of a stage coach, drawn by two horses, one very large and one very small. It took some weeks of observation and reflection to settle in my mind why he selected horses so differing in size, one so large and one so small; and the conclusion at last was, that he did it on true philosophical principles—in perfect harmony with the operation of the laws of the mind. The large horse was an indication of strength and power and of high aspirations; the small one of weakness and humility; so that, as he looked upon them, Father Little was sure to preserve the medium of thought and feeling, and keep on in the even tenor of his way, neither elated by success nor depressed by difficulties and doubts. I have no doubt his horses knew just how many steps they took from Cohasset to Boston. But who shall describe the scene when a coach drawn by four horses left the tavern, then kept by our fellow-citizen, Thomas Smith!

Did time permit, I should like to give myself up to the many and various associations which now cluster around the memory. This I should like to do, in view of my personal union with my fellow-men, and in view of the union of man with man, and in illustration of the sure results of such union. I know you will yet indulge me in one or two reminiscences. First, of old Deacon Kent, who used to sit under the pulpit in yonder venerable church during the Sabbath service. He seemed to me the oldest man that ever lived. He sat nearly in front, though below the preacher, exposed, as it often seemed to me, to great peril. Parson Flint used to place his sermon on a large open Bible, and when filled with the spirit of his discourse would courtesy and gesticulate with energy. I expected to see the large book fall on Deacon Kent's devoted head. Imagine the suffering of a little fellow, six years of age, looking, during the delivery of one of Parson Flint's sermons, for such a catastrophe! Deacon Kent wore a cocked-up hat and large knee and shoe buckles,

which made a deep impression upon my youthful imagination. It seemed to me that he was a being from another world, and that impression has not left me yet. More than anything else does the recollection of him, unless it be that of my old grandmother, whom I see as a little old woman, connect me with the men and things of other days, and perhaps of sterner virtues. I could speak with reverence and affection of Parson Flint, whose voice I hear, and whose venerable form I see still. So I might notice Deacon Beals, Deacon Bourne, Hon. Elisha Doane, the Lincolns, the Towers, and many others whose names and influence live and still will live. It would be most interesting to more fully review the past, and mention the men of other days, and trace their influence in the light of their deeds. Many of them were men of power. Strong in the truth, they were found setting it ever before them as a vitalizing principle. They were ready for their day and their day's demand upon them. Such men were Col. Thomas Lothrop, and the early ministers of the town, and many others within my own recollection, who pass by us still in their written or unwritten history. So, too, I might speak of the Rev. Mr. Phipps, David B. Tower and Dr. Joshua R. Lothrop, and those of later times, whose scholarship and patriotism and religion will live in their power and influence down through the ages :

> "Those that we loved so much and see no more,
> Loved and still love; not dead, but gone before."

But I must forbear. A century is gone. It has bestowed upon us a rich inheritance. I am happy, therefore, to mingle my thoughts and feelings in communion with my fellow-citizens on this anniversary,—this festive occasion,—and to rejoice with them in its scenes and associations. A century has passed, and has borne with it a changeless record. We cannot call it back; we cannot erase from the pages of its history one thought, word or deed. It is well thus to think of it; to have it unfold its history; to have it come in the deep feeling of the present hour, and admonish, if it must, and cheer, if it may. And cheer I know it does, for it brings to us voices soft and soothing, full of pleasant memories, assuring us that we have

> "Deposited on the silent shores
> Of Memory, images and precious thoughts
> That cannot die and cannot be effaced."

My friends, I will detain you no longer. The remarks which I have offered, however loose or desultory their character, I hope will meet your indulgence as my small tribute of respect. I close with the sentiment:

That, while Cohasset is grateful for the character and influence of generations passed away, may we, her sons and daughters, active in the duties of the present, ever remember that we carry about with us the most noble thing God has created—an intelligent spirit. Let it find in enterprises of good citizenship a field of action, and we may be sure it will find a field of usefulness. So shall we cherish the spirit and emulate the virtues of our forefathers.

Music—"Home, Sweet Home."

Fourth regular toast:

Hingham,—Commenced business in 1635,—Copartnership dissolved in 1770.

RESPONSE OF SOLOMON LINCOLN.

Mr. President,—I perform a grateful service, in behalf of the inhabitants of Hingham, in expressing to you and to this large company their thanks for the cordial manner in which a sentiment referring to the connection between Hingham and Cohasset has been received.

For one hundred and thirty-five years, the inhabitants of both towns lived under one town government. The early planters of both bore the same names and sprang from the same stock. The Orator of the Day has, with great felicity, gleaned from their common history many striking facts which show that they lived in harmony and friendship. When the Second Precinct of Hingham was established, November 21, 1717, comprising the territory of Cohasset, the same names were common to both parishes. When your first pastor was ordained, December 13, 1721, there were gathered around him those bearing the names of Cushing, Lincoln, Tower, James, Stodder, Bates, Beal and Nichols, all of which are recognized as among those of the old planters of Hingham. The pastor, Rev. Nehemiah Hobart, was a grandson and a worthy representative of Rev. Peter

Hobart, the first pastor of Hingham. One hundred years ago, the Second Precinct became a town. Until that period your history is our history, and it is one upon which we can look back with the deepest reverence for the character of the actors in those scenes. Thence you became our neighbors, and always our friends.

Cohasset is a fair specimen of a New England town. Its fertile soil, its beautiful scenery, the industry, enterprise, may I not add the intelligence and public spirit, of its inhabitants, their steady maintenance of the institutions of learning and religion, all make it an attractive place.

I do not forget what this town has done for the country, nor the distinguished men whom it has produced. Some of them have been spoken of by the Orator of the Day in terms of eloquent eulogy. I will mention three natives of this place, all educated at Harvard, who nobly represented the three professions of Law, Divinity and Medicine.

Benjamin Pratt, of the class of 1737, rose in provincial times to be the leader of the Suffolk Bar, and was afterwards made Chief Justice of New York. He was a man of splendid abilities, a fine poet, an accomplished scholar and a profound jurist.

Joshua Bates, who was graduated in 1800, with the highest honors of his class, which contained Buckminster and Allston and Chief Justice Shaw, was President of Middlebury College for a quarter of a century. He was a learned and eminent divine.

Isaac Lincoln, of the same class, was for more than half a century an ornament of the medical profession. Residing at Brunswick, Maine, he was for sixty-three years an efficient Overseer of Bowdoin College. His reputation was extensive throughout the State. He was eminently distinguished for public spirit and good works as a true man, to the very close of his patriarchal life.

I cannot omit to allude to the brilliant career of another son of Cohasset, who is now in the service of his country. Leaving West Point bearing the highest honors of his class, he entered at once upon official duty as an officer of the Engineers, and through the Mexican war, in all the battles from Vera Cruz to

the city of Mexico he rendered such valuable service as to elicit the warmest commendations of his superior officers and of the Commander-in-Chief.

His conspicuous gallantry in various scenes in the war of the Rebellion crowned his career with still higher honors, which we trust he may long live to enjoy.

I might speak of other distinguished sons of Cohasset among the living and dead, but I must forbear.

From the old hive of the First Parish in Hingham, whose ancient meeting-house was erected forty years before your church was organized, there have sprung ten other religious societies, all having places for public worship, four of which are within the limits of Cohasset.

Permit me, in closing, again to express the interest which the inhabitants of Hingham feel in the observances of this day. They are here in large numbers, to show their cordial feelings of friendship, and to rejoice with you in the inspiring historic associations which crowd upon the memory, and to tender to you their best wishes for the prosperity and happiness of all your citizens.

Fifth regular toast:

The Industry of our Ancestors—The foundation of their prosperity and happiness. May it ever be an object of our care and regard as a people.

SPEECH OF DR. GEO. B. LORING.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am in the habit, in the discharge of my duties as a private citizen of Massachusetts, of attending during the year, a great number of public occasions and ceremonies, and I assure you that, in the long list of them, I find none equal in fascination and charm and enjoyment to the celebrations of the anniversaries of the settlement of our towns. There gathers around an occasion like this a multitude of thoughts and associations which can be brought together on no other occasion known to us in this Commonwealth. It is our towns, sir, which have lain at the foundation of all our prosperity as a people, and have given forth from their hearthstones those fires that have kept alive the great spirit of the American people in their advancement within the last two hun-

dred years. Why, here in Massachusetts, long before the great author of the Declaration of Independence conceived of the thought that all men were created equal, an intelligent and well-educated town clerk of a little town declared in open town meeting, by resolution, and had it recorded there, within the old church walls, that all men were created equal. He sent that declaration forth from a town in Massachusetts, to inspire the American people and American statesmen in that contest. We have heard from your distinguished Orator to-day statements with regard to the principles of action of the early citizens of this town, which ought to inspire every American citizen with love for his country, and with the determination to do his duty in every crisis which may fall upon that country.

But now, having passed through all those public reminiscences, and being brought right down home by your own cultivated son to the enjoyment of your hearthstones,—to Dea. Kent, Parson Flint, and the rest,—I am asked to deal with the industry of your people—that industry which gave them their wealth and their power, and their influence in this Commonwealth and throughout the world. Now, my friends, in looking about here to ascertain what that industry is, I find a somewhat hard soil, I find a boisterous ocean, and I find no streams capable of carrying a water-wheel; and so it seems to me, that, as regards the three great interests,—commerce, agriculture and manufactures,—Cohasset, of all places on the face of the earth, defied them all instead of encouraging them; and yet, as I turn back, after being reminded by the Orator that the sea furnished its share of their wealth, that the ports of the world were continually open to their ships, that they ransacked every sea for its treasures, I find that, after all,—now pardon me, my friends; do not call me a maniac,—I find it was agriculture on these hard hills that did the business. This lay at the foundation of the prosperity of the people of this town, as of other portions of the Commonwealth. It was the "embattled farmers" who, as the poet says—

"Fired the shot heard round the world."

It was the patriotic farmers, who carried on their operations here, in spite of all obstacles, on a little ribbon of land, extend-

ing from the coast of Maine down to North Carolina, mostly on hard soil,—it was these farmers who gave wealth and prosperity to the country. Patriots during the Revolution, honest men in peace, they paid, during the earliest administrations, more than $30,000,000 of the old war debt, and paid it in money. (Applause.)

That was the industry, and that was the occupation, of your fathers. And when the soil of Cohasset failed,—the Western States were unknown, the great valley of the Mohawk had been unexplored, the Ohio was unheard of,—it was the fertile lands of Cape Cod that attracted their attention. (Laughter.) It was the valley of the Bass, not of the Connecticut, the Mohawk or the Ohio, that attracted the farmers of this region. They went down to those fertile lands that may be found in Harwich and Truro and Barnstable, and all over Cape Cod. (Laughter.) Tell me that the farmers of that day did not know how to defy obstacles! When they met a hard soil in one place, they buckled on their armor and went forth to yet harder soil in another place, determined to "subdue the earth," in obedience to the Divine injunction. It was agriculture, say what you will, that was the industry of your fathers. It was the tilling of the land that made the prosperity of the State. There were no mills here. The boys went to church in homespun; the women combed the wool, twisted it into something that they called yarn, and knit stockings; the fathers got the dyestuffs from the woods, and, clad in homely brown, they went forth to discharge their duties as good citizens. The only manufactories were in the garrets and in the kitchens. Agriculture was the industry by which your people grew rich, and paid their debts.

But let me tell you, that, down at the bottom of all this, there was something better that they did. They left behind the rural homes which are not yet extinct. Those lowly houses, always facing to the south, as if to catch the first warm and genial breeze, ornamented to-day, my friends, by that old elm tree, standing there as a type of New England institutions. Do not talk to me of the palm and the olive as significant. That old Yankee elm, that has cast its shadow on the door-stone generation after generation, telling of domestic virtues unequalled on the face of the earth, and telling, moreover, of a determination

to secure civil rights and privileges, without which man walks the earth but a slave at the bidding of a despot—that old elm tree—do not forget it! And let the policy of this Commonmonwealth still be to cherish that industry which in earlier days gave to your fathers wealth and prosperity, and brought forth such solid virtues to make Massachusetts citizenship honorable on the face of the earth. It was this kind of agriculture on the land, it was this kind of citizenship in the farmer's home, that was made here, which built up those institutions which have lasted until this day, and which, my friends, thank God, have prevailed at last through this whole land. The Puritan, the Old Colony man, the South Shore man, is he who in this great struggle has come out victorious. It is the elm tree of New England, the farm-house of the Old Colony.

Now, my friends, I think this is a substantial basis to stand upon. I feel that, when the winds blow and the rain descends, and the floods come and beat upon that house, it will not fall; for here, at least, *it is founded upon a rock.* (Laughter and applause.) I think the industry of this section of Massachusetts is, at least, founded on rocks. I know, my friends, that the principles of this end of Massachusetts are actually, in history and reality, founded upon a rock, against which no storms can ever prevail. I am reminded by your sea-coast, by the ocean that beats upon it, and by that old beacon light which was alluded to so eloquently this morning by the Orator of the Day, of those lines of our American poet and satirist, one of the bright men of this day, who, in alluding to the power of truth, and the vain attempts to beat it down, says :—

> "The feeble sea-birds, blinded by the storms,
> On some tall light shall dash their little forms,
> And the rude granite scatters for their pains,
> Those small deposits that were meant for brains;
> But the proud column, in the morning sun,
> Stands all unconscious of the mischief done;
> Still the red beacon pours its evening rays
> On the lost traveller, with as full a blaze,
> While shines the radiance o'er the scattered fleet
> Of gulls and boobies brainless at its feet."

Let those who attempt to assail the old-fashioned industry of

the Puritans, or to assail the principles which the Puritan has planted in this land, remember the fate of those who, assailing the beacon light on your shore, have met a fate which is worthy of all the assailants of truth and justice in our land.

I am much obliged to you for listening to me so long. I believe in the industry of the Puritans; I believe in their principles. I think they will last as long as the world stands. I congratulate you that you live in an age when your inheritance, handed down from them, is the great law of this land, as it will one day become the great law of the civilized world; for I remember that the most eloquent of recent French writers has said, in view of the great advancement of American institutions: "Cæsarism, or despotism, is passing away; Republicanism is taking possession of the whole civilized world."

Music.—"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

Sixth regular toast:

THE FATHERS AND MOTHERS OF OUR TOWN—In the fulness of good old age, they rest from their labors and their works.

SPEECH OF ARAD H. WOOD.

Mr. President and Fellow-Citizens of both Sexes,—I rise on this occasion in response to your reverent allusion to the "Fathers and Mothers of the town of Cohasset, who rest from their labors."

But here and now, let me thank our friend who has preceded me, having spared me the emotional tribute so justly and appropriately paid to the earlier inhabitants of this town, whose works of patience, endurance and toil still remain in your midst as their monuments of praise, while their children's children rise up and call them blessed.

I am drawn here to-day by the law of sympathetic attraction. All I know of life—its shines and shades—takes its beginning here. My memory carries me back more than a full decade into the first half of the century you this day consecrate. And notwithstanding our life and all its labor belongs to the ever-present, we are ever stealing backward among the loved memories of the past, and ever singing—

"Sweet were all our fathers' festivals."

I came to see Cohasset; but, alas! how little remains of this town and the people as they exist in my memory. In these walls of faces before me I see fair and comely blocks wrought from noble quarries; but few of the old boulders that supported your municipal fabric a half century ago are visible here to-day —here and there one, it may be. On my left I see one whose military title still adheres unto him, in whose company I have sometimes marched with measured tread and also at measured distance, not in *defence* of our country's rights, but in *defiance* of the incoming tides that invade your marshes.

I see in the distance, passing before me, the fathers and mothers of this town, whose piety and patience, whose industry and perseverance, laid the foundation of your virtues, your material prosperity and social and political position among the towns of Massachusetts. They aspired worthily, and so they wrought worthily, and have bequeathed to their descendants excellences that we do well to reproduce in our lives and affections.

The progress of a half-century has changed everything but the laughing sky and the sound of the sea-lashed shore. The hills are not half so high, and the roads not half so long nor half so rough, as when I was a boy.

"Sweet home of my boyhood! once more I retrace
The beauty and charms of my dear native place;
The roads and the hills, the fields and the streams,
Awake to remembrance my juvenile dreams.

"Each object I gaze on holds with it combined
Some early occurrence, still fresh to my mind;
Here life's sunniest hours, and youth's brightest day,
Glided lightly and blithesome and careless away!

"I remember the place where the blackberries grew,
And ofttimes I feasted myself on them too;
In the clover fields watched the industrious bee,
Or the woodpecker tapping the hollow pine tree.

"On the banks of the brook that winds through the vale,
I wandered in boyhood, when sprightly and hale;
Oft bathed in its waters, and fished on its shore,
Oft catching a—bite, that would make me feel sore!

"On the east of the common, near yonder hill,
Stood the old schoolhouse,—I remember it still;

'Twas there I received my first lesson at school,
And learned by experience a pedagogue's rule!

"The home of my boyhood! my much-beloved home!
It clings to my memory wherever I roam;
Amid all the changes that I have passed through,
The scenes of my boyhood have gladdened my view.

"Dear home of my boyhood! though years have gone by,
I love thee and prize thee, as if thou wert nigh!
Thy name hath a magic to none other given,—
It links my affections to dear ones in heaven.

"The home of my boyhood! my boyhood no more!
Yet, if I should live to be three or four score,
Its name shall be dear till life's latest even,
When may it be changed for my home up in heaven!"

The comforts and luxuries of your people fill me with gladness and surprise. New channels of trade have opened up new fields of industry, and where penury sat barefoot sorrowing, plenty spreads her table, and her guests are clothed in linen and purple.

With the material prosperity of a people, culture and refinement are sure attendants. The educational advantages throughout the Commonwealth have lifted the men and women of to-day out of the ruts in which their fathers and mothers travelled during the early days of this settlement. Your zeal in the cause of public instruction is evinced by the commodious houses I see about town, dedicated to the fundamental interests of any people who would be free. Skilled labor and coöperation have lifted the burden from the weary shoulder of toil, and equalized the profits of industry among the people.

No longer do I see the docile ox yoked to the thing called a cart, moving with its plank wheels and hubs of triple plank trenelled together, creaking up and down "Beechwood Lane," (now Beechwood Street). The wooden axletree wagons of the receding and passed generations, in which the aristocracy of my young days took their *pleasure rides* and Sunday-meeting airings, have, with their proprietors, gone from our midst, and the places that knew them shall know them no more.

I shall never forget the excitement that prevailed when Major Pratt bought "his new wagon," the first of the sort ever owned

in town. It was a marvel in itself; and one old lady (with a slight admixture of envy and solemnity, it may be,) complained of the unsolemn sound of its axles as the major drove by her dwelling on a Sunday morning. There were many other curiosities of the *genus carriage* in town when I was sixty years younger than I am to-day; but I must mention only one—an ancient English manufactured chaise. It was a stately vehicle, I assure you, as high and square as a barn. I will tell you where it used to stand, and for aught I know it stands there now; if so, you will find it in Capt. Peter Lothrop's barnyard.

It was in this town I gained the first rudiments of what we call an education; and under the tutelage of the most popular teacher in town, I learned my A, B, C's. Since then I have visited many schools and conversed with many teachers; but no "schoolmarm" yet ever filled "Miss Fanny's" place, when balancing the sands that determined the exact point of time when we could have our recess. She had a pious care for the souls as well as the heads of her pupils. Many an earnest lesson on theology and faith has been seemingly lost on, at least, one of her scholars. Peace to her memory; hallowed be her name. She has gone to the shadowy unknown, and so has her Westminsterian creed through which she saw God and humanity and duty, as the sainted fathers and mothers "of ye olden times" saw the sun and stars through the plumbed diamond panes, that admitted the light of day into the dwellings of those who could pay the tax on "crown glass."

My memory is densely freighted with people and events of thrilling interest. The outgoing and incoming generations are full of significance.

How blessed that generations are not made like houses and barns, with upright posts and partitions, but overlapping each other on so easy a plane, that the old slide off as the new crop out on the opposite margin, with faces radiant as sunbeams, while not a ripple disturbs the solid stratum that supports the body politic, vitalizing society and breathing into the children principles of right and duty, life and liberty, without which man cannot be man.

Mr. President, time is infinite, but patience is finite. A brief

tribute to the fathers and mothers of the Beechwoods, and I close my remarks.

I know pious detractors have said the Beechwoods was a benighted corner of the town, where the gospel! had not been preached for one hundred and fifty years. No matter for that. I know the people of fifty years ago were constant attendants on the ministry of the Rev. Jacob Flint, who *believed* when he said, "The Father is greater than I." They *practised* the precepts of Jesus with marked fidelity. The charities and kindnesses of the Pratts and Whitcombs, Bates's, Wheelwrights and others are engraved on my memory, never to be effaced only with the demon-blight, ingratitude.

Mr. President and Fellow-Citizens, I am glad to meet you here to-day. I feel the touch and hear the voice of the fathers saying to me and to you: Be true to the high interests and needs of manhood; be faithful one to the other. I feel the destitution of age only as I neglect to harvest the harmony and sympathy of the living Present.

I can think of no words more fitting to close my response than the following dirge:—

"When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted;
Whose lights have fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And I alone departed."

Rev. F. A. Reed was called upon, and said:—

I came here, Mr. Chairman, in response to your kind invitation, to shake hands with many of my old friends, to eat a good dinner, and not to make a speech. But thinking that I might possibly get into a corner, I prepared a toast, which I will read, with a few lines that I wrote to accompany it:—

The Adopted Sons of Cohasset who are Absent—Change of place has not impaired their affection for the old home.

One-fifth of the Centennial,
Mine, save a year and more,
Comes stealing o'er me at the call
To visit the South Shore.

The past re-lives—its hopes, its fears,
Of youth and manhood's prime,
Wake me to laughter and to tears,
Like a sad and merry chime.

And each familiar face, I ween,
That at this board appears,
Is linked with something fresh and green,
In those eventful years.

Cohasset! I can not forget
The scenes I lived among;
The ocean's grand old anthem yet
In memory's ear is sung.

With change of place, the heart's the same,
New friends are not the old;
A country flat, insipid, tame,
Is not the sea-coast bold.

"Taunton Great River," at my door,
Is not the boist'rous deep
That used to fill night with its roar,
And drive away my sleep.

The fact'ry bell, the smoke that fills
The throat, when it is breezy,
Does not invade the sense where wills
Each one to take life easy.

And yet there is affinity
'Twixt here and where I dwell;
There fills all the proximity
"An ancient, fish-like smell."

Herrings have come! 'Twas told in meeting!
Our tars are doing well;
And to their fellow-tars send greeting—
"How fare the mackerel?"

We eat the herrings, bones and all,
One for a whole meal stands;
Our fishers, having made their haul,
Through me with yours shake hands.

We bought our town for a peck of beans—
For so tradition has it;
In olden time, did no more means
Avail to buy Cohasset?

—

POEM.

BY REV. GEORGE OSGOOD.

The child, who tracked Cohasset's sand
One hundred years ago,
May sleep in some far distant land,
Or in the deep, whose billows grand,
Above him ceaseless flow;
Or rest in yonder slope of green,
Where sweet and tender flowers are seen,
And friends may come and go.

The same wild scenes around us lie,
That met of yore his kindling eye,
Though cultured grounds and villas fair
Adorn the landscape everywhere.
Yes, here, like him, we still may find
The wild and beautiful combined,
The lovely and the grand.
Whether through woodland paths we stray,
Or sit where ocean surges play
In broken wreaths of foam and spray,
Around the ancient rocks of gray
That line our rugged strand.
Like him, from headland bold, we view
The wide expanse of waters blue,
Or on the beaches stroll,
And listen to the solemn roar,
As on the smooth and shining shore
The billows break and roll.
When sunset sheds its sweetest smile
On wave and shore, on rock and isle,
On lake and winding stream,
We love on yonder hills to stray,
And watch the twilight fade away,
Till shines from Minot's tower of gray
The lamp's resplendent beam.
We, on a summer eve serene,
May find a lovely moonlight scene
While sitting on the cliff;
And think of those, who, years ago,

Beheld the breakers dash and flow
Around the fisher's skiff.
The child who climbed from crag to crag
A hundred years ago,
Beheld the folds of England's flag
From many a war-ship flow.
Then, as he saw the royal fleet
Sail by Nantasket shore,
With joy and pride he loved to greet
The ensign that it bore.

But ah! the child too fondly dreamed
The fleet and flag that friendly seemed
Would always guard his home;
Nor feared the tyrant's boasted power
Would, in some dark and evil hour,
In woe and vengeance come.

And soon, his earnest heart was stirred
By many a true and fearless word
From those who led the age;
He heard the statesman's strong appeal,
Beheld the hero's force and zeal,
And watched the gifted sage.
When Franklin, with unerring eye,
Could see the gathering tempest nigh,
And gave his warning clear;
When Henry, 'gainst the tyrant's throne,
Spoke with that true inspiring tone
That knew no doubt nor fear;
When Otis fired the patriot's zeal
With many a true and bold appeal,
And urged the freeman's right;
When Lincoln drew his trusty sword,
To show by deed as well as word
He for the cause would fight;
The boy that tracked Cohasset's sand
Then bravely joined the noble band
Which rose to save his native land
In danger's darkest hour;
And through war's long and dreadful storm,
His faithful heart beat true and warm
For freedom's blessed power.
When overboard they threw the tea,*
What patriot had more pluck than he?
When came the news from Lexington,

* Major James Stoddard.

Who was more glad to grasp his gun,*
And show on famous Bunker Hill
He could defy the tyrant's will?
When Lincoln from the English lord
At Yorktown took the yielded sword,
And shouts of joy and triumph rose,
He gladly hailed the contest's close,
And saw with pride his country's foes,
Defeated, pass away;
And to his home of peace returned,
For which his heart had fondly yearned
Through many a weary day.

Years passed away—and yet again,
England, the mistress of the main,
Despised our nation's power;
And then Cohasset's sons arose
And met on sea and land her foes,
In many a battle-hour.
Here some may yet remember still,
How oft they saw from rock and hill
The hostile ships pass by;
While to the battle's fearful roar,
In echoes from our rocky shore,
Came back a sad reply.

The war soon closed, and peace again
Brought hope and joy to earth and main.
Then might the fisher safely guide
His bark along the trackless tide;
Then might the earth her treasures yield
To him who tilled the fertile field,
And the mechanic's skilful hand
Enrich and bless the prosperous land;
Then steam outstripped the changeful sail,
Or sent her trains along the rail,
While lightning, trained by human skill,
Sent forth the words that cheer and thrill
To those of every clime,
And through the dark, unfathomed deep,
Through deserts drear and mountains steep,
Outrun the steps of time!
Thus has our hard and rocky strand
Joyed in the progress of the land;
And in the patriot's spirit shown
The nation's weal to be her own!

* Joseph Bates.

When slavery's minions sought to tear
From Sumter's walls our banners fair,
And blast the nation's power,
The boys who tracked Cohasset's sand
Uprose, a brave and noble band,
And met the fearful hour.
Then, after fights on land and main,
After the loss of comrades slain,
Or starved in prisons vile;
After sad years in suffering spent,
They saw upon a land unrent
The sun of Freedom smile.

The freedman now may blithely rest,
Or revel* in the traitor's nest,
And show a nobler life,
Than those who deemed it high renown
To crush the poor and feeble down
Through years of bloody strife.

Now, through this happy land of ours,
From where unfold the tropic flowers
To wild Alaska's snows;
From the right arm that guards our State,
Far westward to the Golden Gate,
The air of freedom blows!

* Hon. Hiram Revels, the successor of Jefferson Davis, was present at the celebration.

The following letters were received from invited guests unable to be present: —

[Letter from Hon. C. F. Adams.]

Mr. Adams feels himself much flattered by the polite invitation to the Centennial Celebration at Cohasset, and regrets that his arrangements will not permit his acceptance of it. He begs to assure the Committee of his interest and sympathy in cherishing such anniversaries.

59 Mt. Vernon St., Boston,
30 April, 1870.

Boston, May 6, 1870.

A. H. Tower, Jr., *Secretary of Committee of Arrangements:*

My Dear Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to be present at the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the town of Cohasset. I have delayed an answer till the last moment, in the hope that I might be able, consistently with my official duties, to be present; but I am compelled to forego the pleasure which I had promised myself.

No town in Massachusetts bears such a place in my affections as Cohasset, for it was the birthplace of my most cherished friend. I should be glad of an opportunity, if it should be offered me, to express my feelings in regard to him who was endeared to me by the closest friendship. Dr. Joshua Rich Lothrop was my classmate in college—my intimate and beloved friend. For many years we saw each other almost daily, and our studies, our reading and our pleasures were the same. Both limited in our pecuniary resources, we almost shared a common purse. As he grew in distinction in his chosen profession, our localities separated, but not our affection or esteem.

I should like to speak of him as an honor to his native town, of his modesty, of his learning in letters, of his thorough mastery of his profession, of his success in reaching the highest reputation, of the depth of attachment felt for him by the friends who surrounded him in his new home, and of the grief which wrung their hearts when the good physician was called away.

What treasures has a town like the character and reputation of such a man?

Could I present him as I knew him, I believe his acquaintances, who perhaps knew him less intimately than I did, would feel a greater pride both in their townsman and their town.

I am, respectfully, yours, very truly,

Harvey Jewell.

BOSTON, May 6, 1870.

J. Q. A. LOTHROP, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—I find my engagements will prevent my being with you to-morrow. I regret very much that I cannot participate in your interesting celebration, but it is quite out of my power. I trust you will be able to find some person who will gladly take the part which you had intended for me. Indeed, *all* who may be assembled will respond to any sentiment complimenting President Grant.

I am, yours truly,

B. W. HARRIS.

BOSTON, May 5, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am deeply sensible of the honor conferred by your invitation to attend the Cohasset Centennial Anniversary. Most gladly would I be associated with you on this occasion, but the afflictive dispensations of Providence in my family of late render it improper for me to join in public demonstrations of joy.

This anniversary will be full of pleasure to every one who feels an interest in our glorious old Commonwealth, bringing the mind to reflect upon the traditions and reminiscences which have made your noble Cohasset the home and birthplace of many who have contributed largely not only to the advancement of the commerce and honor of Massachusetts, but the whole country. Your section of the State has furnished many precious jewels that have adorned the coronet of our Commonwealth—many who are now living, and I have no doubt will be present at your celebration, and by recounting the fame and influence of your good old town and vicinity, place on record an example which may be transmitted to future generations for great benefit. Although I cannot be with you, I trust you will believe that, in these days of spirits, although the body may be absent, the spirit of your humble servant will rejoice in the occasion.

With personal regards to yourself and your committee,

I am, most sincerely yours, &c.,

MARSHALL P. WILDER.

J. Q. A. LOTHROP, *Chairman Com.*, &c., &c., &c.

QUINCY, April 30, 1870.

Hon. J. Q. A. LOTHROP:

DEAR SIR,—I have delayed an answer to the kind invitation of the Committee to attend the centennial celebration of the incorporation of your town, in the hope that I might so arrange my business engagements as to enable me to attend; but I find myself reluctantly constrained to deny myself the gratification.

Respectfully yours,

J. Q. ADAMS.

30 Court Street, Boston,
May 4, 1870.

Dear Sir:—I beg to thank you for your invitation to the Centennial Celebration, but my engagements here are imperative, and will prevent my having the pleasure of attending.

I am, very respectfully yours,

Charles Allen.

J. Q. A. Lothrop, Esq.

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commonwealth of massachusetts.

Auditor's Department,
Boston, May 6, 1870.

J. Q. A. Lothrop, Esq.:

My Dear Sir,—I regret to say that I shall be unable to be with you to-morrow, in consequence of sickness in my family.

Many thanks for your kind remembrance of me.

Truly,

Chas. Endicott.

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commonwealth of massachusetts.

Senate Chamber, Boston,
May 6, 1870.

My Dear Sir:—Until this afternoon I had supposed I should be permitted to enjoy the pleasure of participating with the citizens of Cohasset in their Centennial Celebration to-morrow, but I find that important duties at the State House will prevent.

Thanking you for the honor, and trusting that the occasion may be one of *unalloyed enjoyment and pleasure*, and deeply regretting the circumstances which prevent my being present,

I remain, very truly yours,

F. A. Hobart.

J. Q. A. Lothrop, Esq., *Chairman, &c.*

Cohasset, May 30, 1870.

Dear Sir:—By request I send you the following: The "whipping-post and the stocks stood on Main Street, nearly opposite the entrance of Winter Street," where persons convicted of crime under his majesty's laws received a certain number of lashes at the whipping-post, and then were fastened into the stocks, to remain there a certain length of time, according to the degree and aggravation of the crime.

Respectfully yours, &c., &c.,

Marshall Pratt.

NEW YORK, April 2, 1870.

DEAR SIR:—Permit me, in acknowledging the receipt of your letter of March 31st, to thank the Committee for their courtesy in inviting me to act as chief marshal of ceremonies at the Centennial Celebration to take place in Cohasset May 7th. The occasion will be one of much interest to its people, and especially so to those whose ancestors have been associated with its settlement, its incorporation and its growth. It would give me much pleasure to witness the ceremonies of the celebration, but there is no certainty that I shall be able to do so; and I must, therefore, beg you to present my thanks to the Committee of Arrangements for their complimentary invitation, with my regrets that I shall not be able to comply with their wishes.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Z. B. TOWER.

A. H. TOWER, Jr., *Sec. Com. of Arrang'ts, Cohasset, Mass.*

BOSTON, May 6, 1870.

A. H. TOWER, Jr., Esq., *Secretary:*

DEAR SIR,—Your very kind invitation for to-morrow's celebration was duly received. A previous engagement for that day will unavoidably prevent my being with you on that occasion. I had hoped, until this moment, to have postponed my other engagement, but 'tis impossible.

Thanking you for your invitation, and regretting, much more than you can, my inability to accept it, I am,

Yours, very truly,

CHAS. ADAMS, Jr.

BOSTON, May 6, 1870.

Mr. TOWER:

DEAR SIR,—I sincerely regret that I am obliged to decline the honor of your invitation for to-morrow, but I find myself so placed that I cannot come.

Respectfully yours,

H. L. CARGILL.

Muster-Roll of Capt. Job Cushing's Company, in the 36th Regiment of Foot Infantry, Continental Army, encamped in Fort No. 2, October 5, 1775.

	Engaged.
Job Cushing, Capt.,	May 16
Nath. Nichols, 1st Lieut.,	" 16
Josiah Oakes, 2d Lieut.,	" 16
Eleazer James, Sergt.,	" 18
Gideon Howard, Sergt.,	June 1
Isaac Burr, Sergt.,	May 16
Peter Nichols, Sergt.,	" 16
Abraham Tower, Corp.,	" 22
Adna Bates, Corp.,	" 22
James Bates, Corp.,	" 22
Bela Nichols, Corp.,	" 22
Levi Tower, Drummer,	" 18
William Stoddard, Fifer,	" 17
Elisha Bates,	" 22
Jonathan Bates,	" 22
Josiah Bates,	" 23
Zealous Bates,	" 16
Ephraim Battles,	" 16
Jared Battles,	" 16
Joshua Beal,	June 1
Sam'l Beal,	May 23
Amos Brown,	" 16
Calvin Cushing,	" 22
Obed Dunbar,	" 23
George Humphrey,	" 16
Benj. Jacobs,	" 16
Jared Joy,	" 16
Melzer Joy,	" 20
John Kilby,	" 16
Richard Kilby,	" 16
John Kilby, Jr.,	May 16
Galen Lincoln,	" 16
Jerome Lincoln,	" 16
Charles Luneand,	" 17
Joseph Neal,	" 25
Caleb Nichols,	" 16
Daniel Nichols,	June 1
Ebenezer Orcutt,	May 17
Ephraim Orcutt,	" 16
Luke Orcutt,	" 27
Haugh Oakes,	" 16
Joshua Oakes,	" 16
Samuel Oakes,	" 16
Caleb Pratt,	" 18
Oliver Prichard,	" 18
Richard Prichard,	" 16
Elisha Stephenson,	June 1
Luke Stephenson,	May 16
John Sutton,	" 25
Joseph Souther,	" 24
James Stoddard,	" 17
Benj. Stutson,	" 23
Reuben Thorn,	" 16
Jesse Tower,	" 24
Isaac Tower,	" 16
Jesse Worrich,	" 23
John Whitcom,	" 23
Gershom Wheelwright,	" 16
Benj. Woodward,	" 16

List of Volunteers who have entered the United States Service since May, 1861.

Arnold, Daniel P., 38th Regiment.
Arnold, George, 38th Regiment.
Arnold, Edward H., 38th Regiment.
Ainslie, Peter, U. S. N.
Ainslie, Henry, U. S. N.
Beal, Samuel, 1st Co. H. Art.
Beal, James S., 1st Co. H. Art.
Bates, James L., 1st Co. H. Art.
Bates, Lincoln, U. S. N.
Bates, Joseph J., 1st Co. H. Art.
Bates, Bela, 38th Regiment.
Barnes, Albert F., 24th Regiment.
Bourne, Ezekiel P., 12th Regiment.
Bates, Cyrus, 45th Regiment.
Bourne, Elias W., 45th Regiment.
Bates, Caleb L., 45th Regiment.
Bates, John F., 4th Cav. Regt.
Beal, Robert Y., U. S. N.
Barnes, John, 3d Co. H. Artillery.
Barnes, John O., 4th Cav. Regt.
Crane, Franklin J., 7th Regiment.
Carl, William R., 41st Regiment.
Couillard, David J., 3d Co. H. Art.
Clark, John, 3d Co. H. Artillery.
Conner, Moses, 29th Regiment.
Curtis, Alonzo, U. S. N.
Doane, J. Foster, 1st Regiment.
Dunster Samuel K., 24th Regiment.
Davis, Joseph R., 11th Mass. Bat.
Davis, Charles F., 3d Co. H. Art.
Dinsmore, John H., Engin'r U.S.N.
Fish, Joseph W., 38th Regiment.
Fuller, Warren, 32d Regiment.
Fish, George A., 2d Co. H. Art.
Groce, Leander W., Co. H. Art.
Gibbs, Thomas O. S., 44th Regt.
Gross, Charles A., 45th Regiment.
Henry, Harrison, 24th Regiment.
Hayden, Thomas O., 38th Regt.
Hayden, John G., 1st Co. H. Art.
Hardwick, Henry C., 1st Co. H. Art.
Haskell, Alfred, 3d Co. H. Art.
Harris, Wm. F., Jr., 3d Co. H. Art.
Hayden, Solomon J., Co. D, H. Art.
Kane, Thomas, 3d Co. H. Artillery.
Linsey, Alexander, U. S. N.
Litchfield, George A., 32d Regt.
Lincoln, Stephen P., U. S. N.
Lincoln, Daniel B., U. S. N.
Leithead, George F., 19th Regt.
Lincoln, Stephen, 45th Regiment.
Lincoln, Richard H., 45th Regt.
Lincoln, Alfred W., U. S. N.
Litchfield, Joseph W., U. S. N.
Morey, George T., 1st Co. H. Art.
Morey, Oliver L., 1st Co. H. Art.
Manuel, John L., 1st Co. H. Art.
Minot, Leonard W., 18th Regt.
Morse, William H., 2d Co. H. Art.
Minot, Levi L., 3d Co. H. Art.
Murphy, Thomas, Co. D, H. Art.
Manise, Joseph, Co. D, H. Art.
Nott, Dawes, 12th Regiment.
Newcomb, Warren, Co. D, H. Art.
Orcutt, John, 20th Regiment.
Oakes, B. Franklin, 24th Regt.
Phinney, Isaac, 35th Regiment.
Pratt, Charles A., 1st Co. H. Art.
Pratt, Charles H., U. S. Sappers and Miners.
Pratt, Nichols, U. S. N.
Poole, Amos L., 26th Regiment.
Pelby, Forrester A., 1st Regiment.
Prouty, George H., 32d Regiment.
Palmer, Alonzo L., 2d Co. H. Art.
Pratt, William H., 45th Regiment.
Pratt, Gustavus, Asst. Surgeon 19th Regiment.
Powers, Henry, U. S. N.
Ripley, Martin T., 32d Regiment.

Richards, John J., 1st Co. H. Art.
Randall, William, 44th Regiment.
Remington, Wm. H., 3d Co. H. Art.
Rooney, James, Jr., 4th Cav. Regt.
Simpson, Oliver E., 1st Regiment.
Stoddard, Zenas, Jr., U. S. Sappers and Miners.
Smith, William L., 2d Regt. D. C. Guards.
Shaw, Robert B., 32d Regiment.
Spooner, George, 1st Co. H. Art.
Spear, Thomas F., U. S. N
Sweeney, James M., 45th Regt.
Sewall, George W., 47th Regt.
Shays, James, 30th Regiment.
Studley, Andrew J., 6th Regiment.
Treat, John A., 14th Regiment.
Treat, Sylvanus F., 14th Regiment.
Tilden, Caleb F. B., 1st Co. H. Art.
Tower, John W., 1st Co. H. Art.
Tower, Francis H., 1st Co. H. Art.
Towle, Joseph M., 32d Regiment.
Thayer, William F., 1st Regiment.
Tower, Geo. B. N., Eng. U. S. N.
Thayer, Anselm, 32d Regiment.
Tower, Thomas, 2d Co. H. Art.
Tower, Levi C., 2d Co. H. Art.
Tilden, Eustice W., 2d Co. H. Art.
Tower, Isaac, 2d Co. H. Artillery.
Thayer, Willie F., 4th Cav. Regt.
Williston, Thomas, 38th Regiment.
Whittington, Hiram, U. S. N.
Wells, Charles F., 1st Regiment.
Williams, Andrew W., U. S. Sappers and Miners.
Willcutt, Elbridge, U. S. Sappers and Miners.
Whittier, Charles, 1st Co. H. Art.
Whittier, William, 1st Co. H. Art.
Whittier, Leavet, 39th Regiment.
Willcutt, Lyman D., 45th Regt.
West, Charles H., 29th Regiment.
Wheelright, Lewis L., Co. D, H. Artillery.

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